



No. 351.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. HUNTER, K.C.B., D.S.O., CHIEF OF THE STAFF WITH SIR GEORGE WHITE IN NATAL.

See "The Sketch" Story of the War.

PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Sir Redvers Buller started last Saturday with not only the good wishes of Clubland, but with more—the knowledge of the confidence that all men who have met him, or who have served under him, feel that, whatever difficulties he may have to meet, he will rise superior to them.

South Africa is the grave of military reputations, but Sir Redvers has been through the fire there, and has come out not only unsinged, but wearing the Cross for Valour, and with a great reputation as a masterful leader of men. He has never looked back. A typical country gentleman, with a talent for war, and a personality that not only makes itself felt at the supreme crises of a battle, but in the tearing through of red tape in office, he is probably now about to step up on to the dais where Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley are throned.

I and the hundreds of thousands of Clubmen of this country hope to welcome Sir Redvers back as Lord Buller of Crediton.

The story of the winning of the V.C. by Sir Redvers Buller has been officially told often enough; but no man, unless he was in the desperate fight for life, when the mounted men, after descending the Hlobane Mountain, forced their way through the horn of the Zulu impi that was closing them in, can understand how the masterfulness of the leader had impressed itself on the men he commanded. In that long, desperate, hand-to-hand fight, sore-pressed men, at Buller's orders, got off their horses to give them to wounded and dismounted comrades, believing implicitly that their leader would in no case leave them in the lurch.

A great wave of loyalty has been felt in this most loyal land during the past week. The loyalty of Clubland is very sincere, very deep, but not very effusive. The cheering that comes from a Club when a Royal Procession passes is not as the roar of the street. The men take off their hats, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs; but the sign of the caste is to be unemotional, and in Clubland deep waters run still.

Clubland has felt the wave of emotion of the past week very deeply. There is not a man in the great palaces of St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly that has not some dear friend or relation in the Army now in South Africa or the other larger force now mobilising, and every other man in the Military Clubs has been working heaven and earth to be sent on active service. Clubland knows more of the dangers that our men are facing than the great British public, which does not really understand what war means; but the life of a Club goes on as unemotionally as ever whether battles are being lost or won, and a few more men round the telegraph-boards, a few more couples talking seriously in corners, are all the symptoms shown.

The theatres and the music-halls seem to supply the safety-valves for the loyalty of all men. The first notes of "God Save the Queen," whether it be in an orchestral selection, sung by a boy, as at the Palace Theatre, played on a harmonium, as at the Pavilion Music Hall, on a clown's violin, or a low-comedian's concertina, brings the audience to its feet as promptly as if it was a regiment called to attention, and the chorus is taken up by voices after voices, till at the end the whole house is joining in the prayer for victory. Except at the Opera, the National Anthem, it always seems to me, does not receive the respect it, as the national prayer, deserves. At the Opera it is sung always by the prima donna, and it will be remembered that at a recent gala-night three prima donnas, all equal in importance, would not any of them abate their rights and sang it in unison. Why do not our theatrical managers in this time of war announce that the Anthem will be sung nightly while the war continues, and give it a settled place on their programmes, instead of allowing some chance performer the privilege of calling an audience to its feet unexpectedly? Mr. Tree, when Her Majesty's was opened, showed his respect for the Anthem by engaging Miss Clara Butt to sing it. He might well now set other managers an example.

It is said that all modern good jokes come from the Stock Exchange, and the loyalty of "The House" always has a humorous turn. The telegram sent to Mr. Kruger on the occasion of his birthday, bidding him be thankful for what he was about to receive, was a good joke, and the "hammering" of him for not fulfilling his engagements was a better; but the men who, after their joke, unfurled the Standard and the Union Jack and sang the National Anthem, did this knowing that they will all feel the pinch of the war, will all have to reduce their expenditure through it, and some of them even now hear that dreaded hammer in their dreams.

The unostentatious proof of loyalty that the employers of Reserve men have, almost unanimously, given in keeping their places open for them until they come back is not only good in itself, but in the coming years it will be a help to the recruiting-sergeants when they descent on the "advantages of the Service."

There is one thing that all my readers can do for Thomas Atkins campaigning in South Africa, and that is, to send him reading matter. I know, myself, the weariness of South African campaigning, the long day after the morning's march, with nothing to do but to look at the great roll of the plains and to watch the vultures wheel high in the sky. A newspaper or a book is treasured there. The officers make their own arrangements to have papers sent from home. Tommy reads nothing except when kind people do not mind the trouble of putting together their old papers and sending them to a regiment with "for the men" on the wrapper.

All Clubland sympathises with Sir Thomas Lipton in the misfortune of the unfinished races. He must remember the tale of the Bruce and the spider.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

It scarcely needs an "Old Moore" to decide that the definite intention—or, in military parlance, "the ultimate objective"—of the British forces at present in the Transvaal is to make England supreme in that portion of South Africa. That they will eventually achieve this object is also practically beyond question. The only matter for inquiry that does arise on the subject is, how long it will be before the legends "South African Republic" and "Orange Free State" are removed from the map? This question, however, will be effectually answered (and, in good time, too) by General Sir Redvers Buller, who sailed for Natal last Saturday. At the present moment, the more pressing problems are concerned with the whereabouts, and the doings day by day, of our troops. The first of these is best answered by a glance at the following table. In this, it must be understood, the totals are only approximate, and do not include auxiliaries—

Station.	British.	Boers.
Glencoe and Dundee	9000	10,000
Ladysmith	3500	3,000
Kimberley	2500	3,000
Mafeking	1200	5,000
Rhodesian Border	1400	2,000
Southern Free State Border	2000	3,000

As to what our men will do in these various places, it may be taken for granted that they will acquit themselves with the utmost credit to their country, and that Swinburne's clarion cry, "Strike, England, and strike home!" will be observed to the letter. It is unfortunate, however, that the numerical advantage at the present moment lies with the enemy. Of course, when Sir Redvers arrives with his Army Corps matters will be placed on a different footing. In the meantime, nevertheless, Sir George White is being seriously handicapped by the comparative weakness of the forces at his disposal. These amount to but some 15,000; opposed to them is a Boer army of perhaps 21,000. Of course, either side can eventually obtain reinforcements, and the advantage will naturally lie with the side that mobilises the greater number in the shorter time. Here England may be presumed to have the upper hand. Buller's Army can be brought up to 50,000 without much difficulty, while it is doubtful if Joubert can lead 40,000 at the most against him.

It must not, however, be forgotten that neither Sir Redvers nor his troops are as yet in the strategical area. At the present moment some 7000 miles of sea intervene. The first brigade cannot possibly arrive in South Africa before Nov. 10, while Major-General Hildyard with the second (4500 men) does not even leave England until the 20th inst. Altogether—and this is a point that must be firmly insisted upon—Buller's force will not be ready for work much before Christmas Day. At the War Office, it is privately said that no operations of importance will take place in Natal until the second week in January 1900.

When the situation is calmly considered, this is quite feasible. To convey 50,000 men to South Africa, to equip them for an arduous campaign, and to bring them into "condition" after a long sea-voyage, cannot be done on the spur of the moment. The preparation of the Commissariat arrangements alone is a tremendous undertaking, and the necessary transport-animals, even, are not yet in the country. Then tons of rations for the men and forage for the horses have to be obtained, and a system for keeping the troops properly supplied, as they advance, must first be organised by the Army Service Corps Department.

If our "supply" arrangements are not above reproach, those of the Boers are infinitely worse. Thus in the enemy's weakness lies our strength. A "Commissariat-train"—as we understand the term—is unknown to Joubert. While his men may carry a couple of days' rations, at the most, on their saddles, ours will be accompanied by sufficient for three months in the A.S.C. transport-waggons. Again, the Boers have no means of conveying forage for their horses, and adopt the primitive plan of making their mounts feed on such pasture as the veld produces. The discipline and organisation of the enemy, too, have undoubtedly fallen back since the dark days of 1881, while those of our forces have considerably advanced.

It is neither easy nor expedient to forecast the plan of campaign of the opposing sides. The respective positions of the two forces are changing hourly. It may, however, be laid down that Natal cannot be seriously menaced. We have some 11,000 men there—at Glencoe, Ladysmith, and Dundee—commanded by the most experienced officers in the Service. The Chief of the Staff, Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O., is a man who has already achieved a most distinguished record. He learned Latin and Greek in the Glasgow Academy, and fighting in the Soudan desert. Just fifteen years ago he had his first experience of active service in the Nile Expedition of 1884. In the following year he was severely wounded at the Battle of Giniss. However, he was probably fully consoled for this by the fact that his services were officially recognised by the grant of the D.S.O. and a "Mention in Despatches." When the Dongola Expedition was organised in 1896, he commanded the infantry division at Firket and Hafir. His brilliant handling of the troops at these engagements brought him special advancement to Major-General's rank. It is only a few months since he went out to India, to take up an important command there. This, of course, he has now been forced to temporarily vacate.

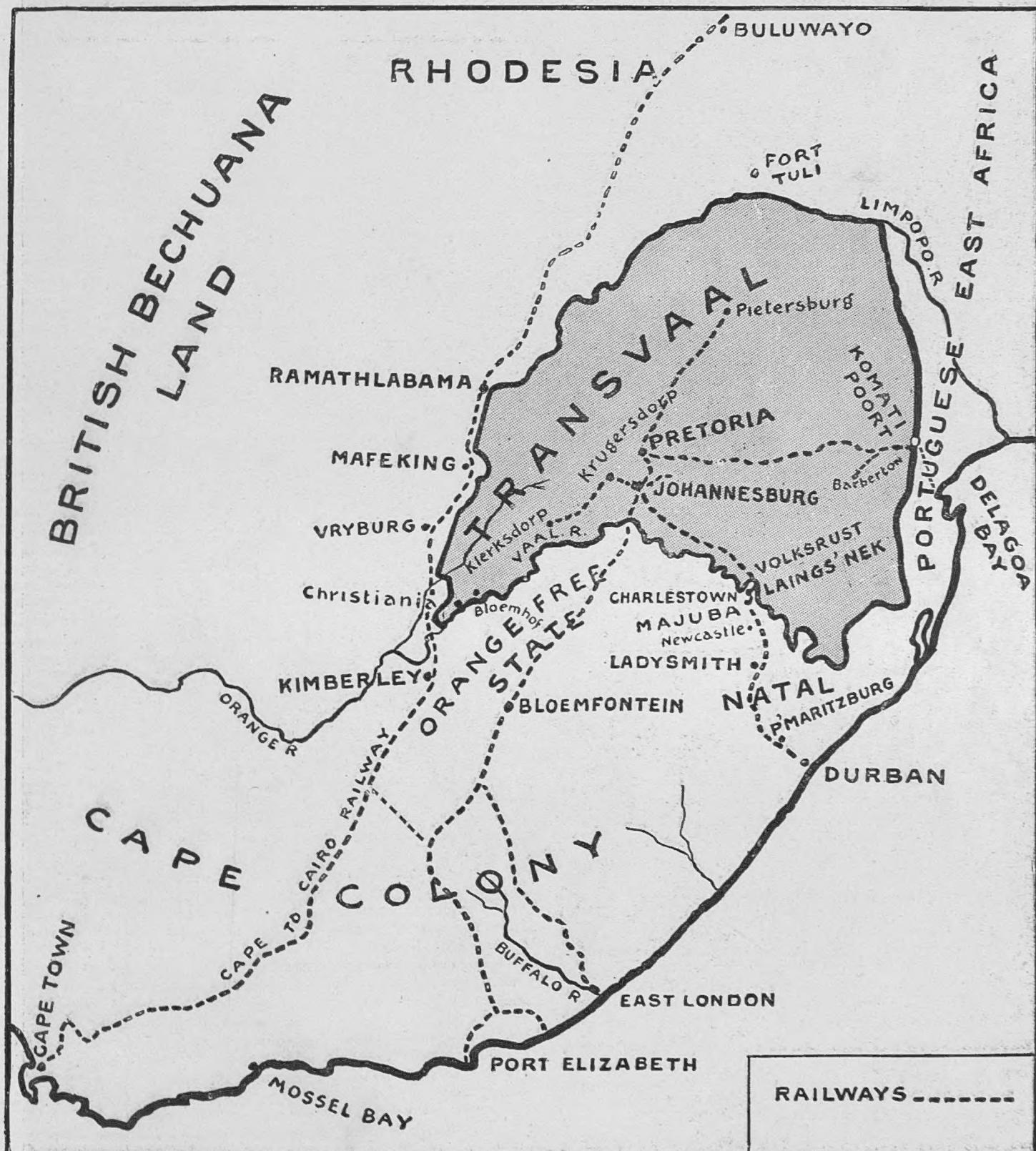
For the present, little beyond casual raiding is likely to be attempted. Newcastle and Charlestown, however, have already been evacuated, and Laing's Nek, to the north, is bound to prove a source of anxiety to us.

It is in the vicinity of this spot that Joubert's forces are concentrated. A distance of but ten miles separates Dundee from the Transvaal; history will soon be being written in every square yard of this interval.

The most vulnerable quarter is that afforded by the Cape Colony border. Mafeking, Vryburg, and Kimberley (where Colonel Kekewich commands) are all seriously menaced by their proximity to the Boers of both the Free State and the Transvaal. At Boshoff the enemy are strongly massed, and a general advance from that quarter may take place at any moment. It is here that the redoubtable Kroné is, at the head of 6000 Boers.

"A ROYAL FAMILY," AT THE COURT.

Once upon a time there was a Princess of Arcacia who refused to wed Prince Victor of Kurland because she thought that marriage ought to be based on love, and she did not love him, for she had never even seen him. So the Prince disguised himself, and, aided by an amiable prelate, was introduced to the Royal Family of Arcacia, passed himself off as Count Bernardine, made love to the Princess successfully, and then declared his name and rank; so they were married and lived happily ever after. This sounds like a tale from Perrault or the delightful Madame d'Aulnoy, but,



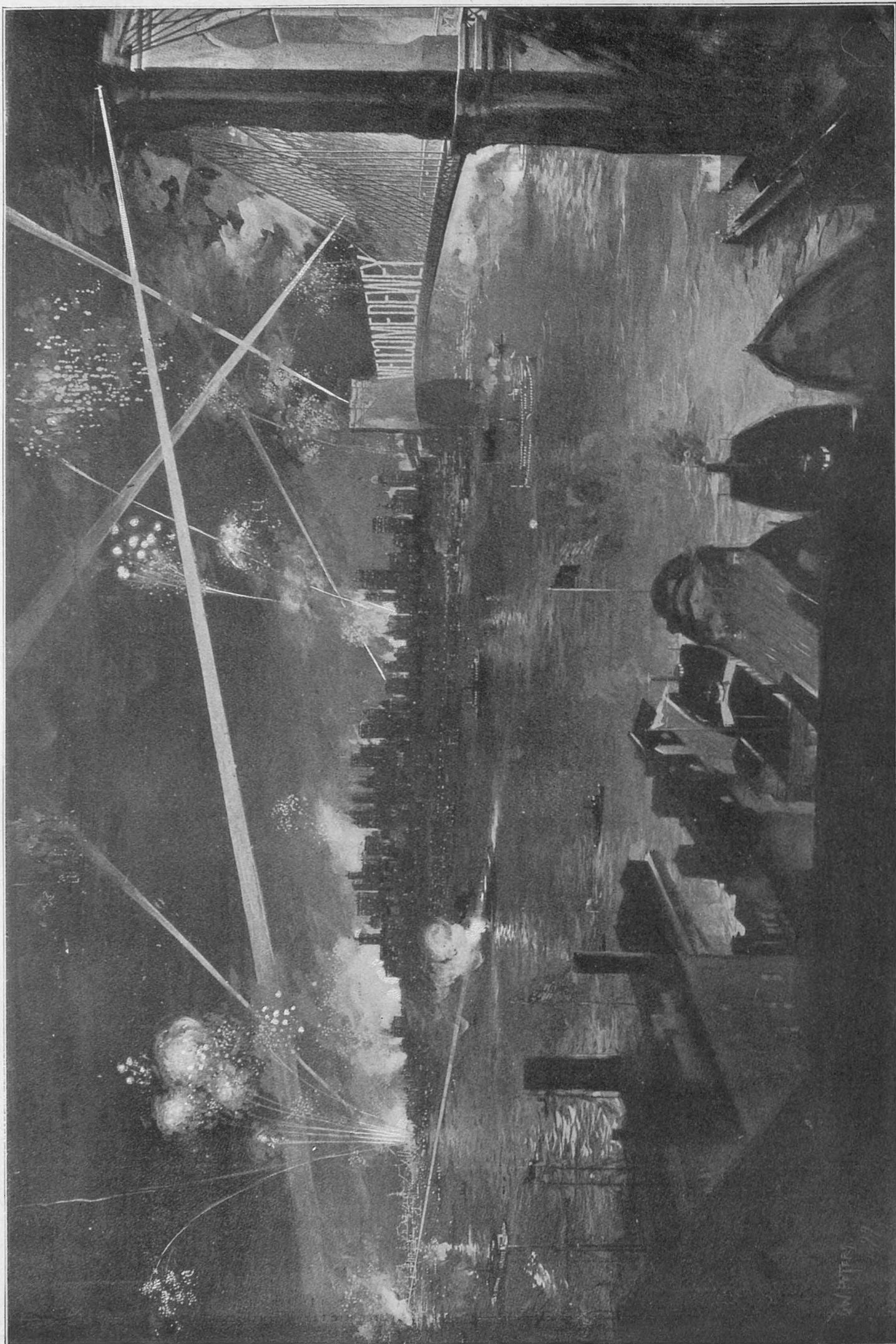
THE THEATRE OF WAR.

In the above Map the places round which the chief interest has so far centred have been Mafeking and Ladysmith. Near the former place an armoured train was destroyed by the Boers on the 12th inst., and near the latter Sir George White executed a successful reconnaissance on Saturday last.

At the time of writing, the passage of events has been as follows—

- Oct. 10. 6.45 a.m. Receipt by Her Majesty's Government of ultimatum from the Transvaal.
- " " 10.45 p.m. Rejection by Her Majesty's Government of Boer ultimatum cabled to the Transvaal.
- " 11. 3.10 p.m. Commencement of a state of war between England and the Transvaal.
- " 12. Departure of Mr. Conyngham Greene from Pretoria. Existence of a state of war formally declared at Ladysmith and Johannesburg. Boer advance from the Free State into Natal, through the Tintwa Pass, commenced. British armoured train destroyed near Kraipan, First shots fired.
- " 14. Departure of Sir Redvers Buller and Staff. Successful reconnaissance executed by Sir George White near Ladysmith.

in fact, is the plot of Captain Marshall's new comedy of romance, called "A Royal Family," which is being played at the Court. Most of us, I think, can take keen pleasure in simple little love-stories, but we do not require the little quite so long as in the new play. Fortunately, much of the piece is very funny, and everybody can enjoy the humours of King Louis VII., a dear old gentleman whose part was played superbly by Mr. Eric Lewis. Moreover, the acting of pretty Miss Gertrude Elliott in the part of the self-willed, love-tamed Princess will delight a great many people, whilst Mrs. Charles Calvert, who presents the Dowager-Queen, a droll, pompous, fretful creature, is bound to win hearty laughter. The piece is very handsomely mounted and the costumes are gorgeous.



NEW YORK'S WELCOME ON SEPT. 30 TO ADMIRAL DEWEY: A MANILA ERUPTION OF FIREWORKS AND ILLUMINATION OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

FROM HARPER BROTHERS' COPYRIGHT PICTURE, DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.



MISS SARAH BROOKE,

THE GRACEFUL AND TALENTED ACTRESS WHO IS NOW PLAYING VIOLET BABINGTON IN "AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON," AT THE AVENUE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT."

Schoolboys, whose tastes do not vary much from one generation to another, will be interested in learning of a new romance in which figure their old favourites Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard. But Mr. Joseph Hatton's "When Rogues Fall Out" (Pearson) may seem just a trifle too stiff and detailed for them. They like their records of crime and devilry somewhat plainer, and less loaded by researches into the history of the time. Mr. Hatton's main object in the story, besides entertaining his readers, has been to give Wild "his rightful place in the gallery of the world's most accomplished villains." Till now he has mostly been "presented in the light of a commonplace and vulgar ruffian—on the Stage, with a patch over his eye and a bludgeon in his hand; in the Novel, as the boon companion of his lowest and most abandoned servants, as if a great General should go out and get drunk with his nearest subaltern." Whereas he declares him to have been "a man of wit and intellectual resource, an accomplished and unscrupulous diplomatist, combining with the cunning of an Old Bailey lawyer the cruelty of a Spanish Inquisitor."

Portrayed either way, he is about the most distasteful, the most loathsome creature that ever trod the highways of life or fiction. Mr. Hatton has not made any attempt at perverting us into a sneaking admiration for him. Nor will even Jack in this version serve to demoralise the youth of this age, who will find his career pictured as a rather sorry one, and will probably be very little impressed by the fact that great men of science and art, such as Hogarth, Steel, and Gay, came to his Newgate receptions, and that Sir James Thornhill painted his portrait.

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DEPARTURE OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

Instead of leaving for America from Liverpool last Saturday (as had been originally intended), Sir Henry Irving and Company, sixty strong, and plus some hundreds of tons of the Lyceum's best scenery, somewhat suddenly arranged to embark from London last Sunday. This was a new departure in more ways than one, for not only is such a departure for the States none too common, but it also enabled two or three score of specially invited friends of Sir Henry's and of Miss Ellen Terry's to attend at the Albert Docks and to embark with the gifted actor and actress, by way of extending their "bon-voyaging" all the way to Tilbury on board the *Marquette*. This mighty and magnificent vessel belongs to the Atlantic Transport Line, whose London Offices are at 15, Cockspur Street, S.W. It was a delightful day for the trip, and, in addition to the above-named friends and guests (which included *The Sketch*), large numbers of the relations and friends of the sixty players of all grades contrived to get as far as the Albert Docks at an early hour on the Sunday morning in order to wish Sir Henry and Company "Godspeed."

On the way down the river, Sir Henry met his friends at breakfast, and, in his most genial and kindly manner, bade them "Au revoir" until next April, when (if all goes well) he will return to the Lyceum to produce the new Charles the Ninth Massacre-of-St.-Bartholomew play, long ago described in *The Sketch*. At this breakfast-chat, Sir Henry, with his usual loyalty to all old friends, and especially to his beloved comrade, Mr. John L. Toole, desired all present to drink a loving-cup to that long-popular actor, whose ill-health has, unhappily, kept him so long from the stage. This was characteristic of the kindly forethought of England's leading actor, and all present heartily joined in the toast.

The final leave-taking at Tilbury was singularly impressive and affecting. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, and, indeed, all concerned with the American tour, were heartily cheered by the returning party, and both they and the voyagers joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," "Rule Britannia," and, last of all, in a most fervent outburst of "God Save the Queen." Sir Henry and his faithful followers were left heartily singing this as the noble liner was seen steaming majestically away *en route* for New York, where Sir Henry starts his tour on the 30th inst.

THE LATE MR. NUTCOMBE GOULD.

It is with sincere regret that I record the death of Mr. Nutcombe Gould, an actor whose personality and experience had secured for him the position of the exponent *par excellence* of the elderly nobleman, gentleman, or Church dignitary of modern comedy, though he never attained his ambition of a great success in the poetic or romantic play. James Nutcombe Gould was the scion of an old West Country family, and was born some fifty years since in the lovely South Devon country, where his father held a small living near Teignmouth. He began his career as a clerk in the Bank of England.

Circumstances enabled him to dissociate himself from the fortunes of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street while still a young man, and he went back to his native Devonshire, where his boyhood had been spent, and took a house in the beautiful moorland country near Lustleigh Cleve, where he built a somewhat primitive stage, on which he indulged his taste for theatricals, which had been fostered in many excellent amateur performances during his short business career.

Later, he had an interest in the Torquay Theatre, and some twelve years ago came once more to London, and adopted the stage as a profession. I recall him in a special performance of "The White Pilgrim," at the Olympic, but he failed to realise the warrior qualities of the hero of that poetic play. His first real success on the London boards was, I think, in Gilbert's ill-fated "Brantingham Hall," at the St. James's in 1887. Since then he has been continually seen at West-End theatres, the bulk of this time having been passed as a member of Mr. George Alexander's company. He was the Friar Laurence of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's "Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyceum, a part which hardly suited him—the modern clergyman of good society was all too plainly revealed beneath the frock of the friar; indeed, his exposition of Shakspere parts could hardly be said to command more than esteem for an intelligent and persevering artist. Later, he was engaged, much to his gratification, by Sir Henry Irving for a Lyceum production, "The Medicine Man."

Mr. Gould, who was never robust, had for some time past been ailing, and his death cannot have come as a great surprise to his friends. His remarkably refined and pleasing personality, his gentle courtesy of manner, his smooth, soft voice, and a certain melancholy that often pervaded his conversation, all endeared him to those with whom he was brought into contact, and his death will be deplored by hosts of friends, while his place in modern comedy, though not a great one, will be by no means easy to supply.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Major-General Sir Cornelius Francis Clery, K.C.B., who has just gone out to Natal as Adjutant-General, is an officer of European reputation. This is by reason of the fact that his "Clery on Minor Tactics" is as much a standard work on this important branch of military education in the Army of every Continental Power as it is in our own Service. Entering the Army forty-one years ago (at the age of twenty), he rose to his present rank in 1894. During this interval Sir Cornelius has seen more Staff service than usually falls to the lot of an officer of his age. For this, however, his special attainments have eminently qualified him. As a tactician, he is probably without an equal, and, in addition to this, his administrative abilities have stood the severest tests over and over again. Among the numerous responsible positions he has held have been those of Professor at the Royal Military College, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General in Ireland, Chief Staff Officer in Egypt, command of the Staff College at Camberley, and Deputy-Adjutant-General at the War Office. Then he has been on special service at the Cape of Good Hope, and has also seen fighting in Zululand and Egypt.

The Devons, whose fine appearance on their arrival at the "Aldershot of South Africa" from India aroused so much admiration the other day, are the 1st Battalion of the old 11th (North Devon) Regiment, and were raised by the Duke of Beaufort as "musketeers and pikemen" in 1685, the recruits being mostly Devon, Somerset, and Dorset men. Even in those days England had usually some "little war" in hand—not always so far from home as Northern India or Southern Africa. Thus the Devons' first war-service was in Ireland, then in Flanders, afterwards in

Portugal and Spain, subsequently once more in the Netherlands, and then at Dunkirk. Back in England in 1714, the Devons went to Scotland and fought at Dunblane. Then came a spell of garrison-duty till 1742, when the Devons were once again on the Continent, fighting at Dettingen (their first "honour") and Fontenoy.

In the '45 they were at Carlisle, and fifteen years after were again on the Continent, fighting in many battles not borne on the colours. For some time the Devons served as "marines"—not an unusual thing in those days, when Naval organisation was of a more haphazard sort than now, but in the Devons' case more appropriate than with many other corps. Afterwards in the West Indies the 11th did a lot of fighting, but their great opportunity came with the Peninsular War, when at Salamanca they captured a battery and a standard, and fought in all the principal battles. To their 2nd Battalion is due the "honour" of "Afghanistan, 1879-80." When the 46th (South Devon), in 1881, was made the "2nd Duke of Cornwall's," the 11th became "The Devonshire Regiment," and, much to their regret, changed their distinctive green facings for the white at present worn, though probably, like the "Buffs" and "Fighting Fifth," when they have time to think about it, they will petition the authorities to have their old colour restored. "Tommy," never at a loss where nicknames are

concerned, dubbed the "North Devons" the "Bloody Eleventh," in recognition of their terrible losses at Fontenoy, Ostend, and Salamanca, and the present-day "Devons" may be relied on to behave as manfully, should it come to blows, as their forbears of those days, or the Devon men who assisted in the destruction of the "Great Armada."



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. F. CLERY, TO COMMAND THE THIRD BRIGADE
IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.



TROOPS FOR THE FRONT: OFFICERS OF THE 2ND DEVONS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

ENGLAND'S UITLANDERS.—“Fourth Form” writes: “May I sound a note of warning? An immense number of the population, while heavily taxed, has no representation. I, a schoolboy, consume large quantities of tea, coffee, sugar, currants, and cigarettes (the last incognito), all taxed indirectly. Yet I have no representative in the



GOOD-BYE TO THEIR PETS: THESE MEN LEFT FOR SOUTH AFRICA LAST WEEK.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

House to voice my protest against flagrant abuses, and advocate reforms such as a four hours' day, total abolition of corporal punishment (a crying evil in several senses), regulation of the relations between master and boy, and so on. Boys will be boys, it has been asserted, but they will soon hesitate about being boys at all unless their condition is ameliorated. Being thirteen years old, I can claim thirteen years' residence in this country, yet the franchise is withheld, and my communications with Lord Salisbury are received with a sullen and significant silence. Is he aware that a powerful trades-union of boys is in course of formation? The first signal of a rising would be the sack of all confectioners' shops and cricket-bat factories.”

The recent action of the Boers in commandeering (what a convenient word that is!) that half-million of gold reminds one of their funny little ways of shopping. When Mynheer Tosen takes Mrs. Tosen, young Master Tosen, and Missie Tosen into the store at “Nachtmaal” time, their predatory habits come into full swing. But long experience has given the storekeeper his cue. So, when Missie quietly annexes a silk handkerchief, and “young hopeful” conceals a sjambok under his coat, the merchant makes no comment, but merely adds the articles on to his bill at about four times the ordinary price. “What's this handkerchief you have put down at 7s. 6d.? I have had no handkerchief!” exclaims the Boer. “Oh, Missie had the handkerchief.” “And this sjambok at a sovereign?” “Oh, Master Tosen has that.” The bill is paid without demur. The storekeeper knows only too well that to hint at such a thing as shoplifting would cause him to be boycotted by all the Boers round.

The Boer and the Uitlander storekeeper are, on the whole, pretty well matched, for, if the Boer annexes from the storekeeper, the latter often plays it pretty low down on the Boer. An amusing story, said to be perfectly true, of how one of our prominent South African millionaires made his first step on the ladder to fortune runs thus: It was in the days when South Africa was ringing with the stories of the marvellous fortunes being made at the then newly discovered diamond-mines at Kimberley. Our potential millionaire had a store in a little “dorp” of less than a thousand people in Cape Colony. “Why should I have to jog along here selling paltry tins of jam, when there are fortunes going begging at Kimberley?” he grumbled to himself, and then an idea struck him.

When the Boers round brought in for sale their usual bales of wool, instead of settling with them at once, as customary, he put them off on the plea that he had not yet received the current market-prices. Having got the wool safely away to the coast, he despatched an accomplice on a

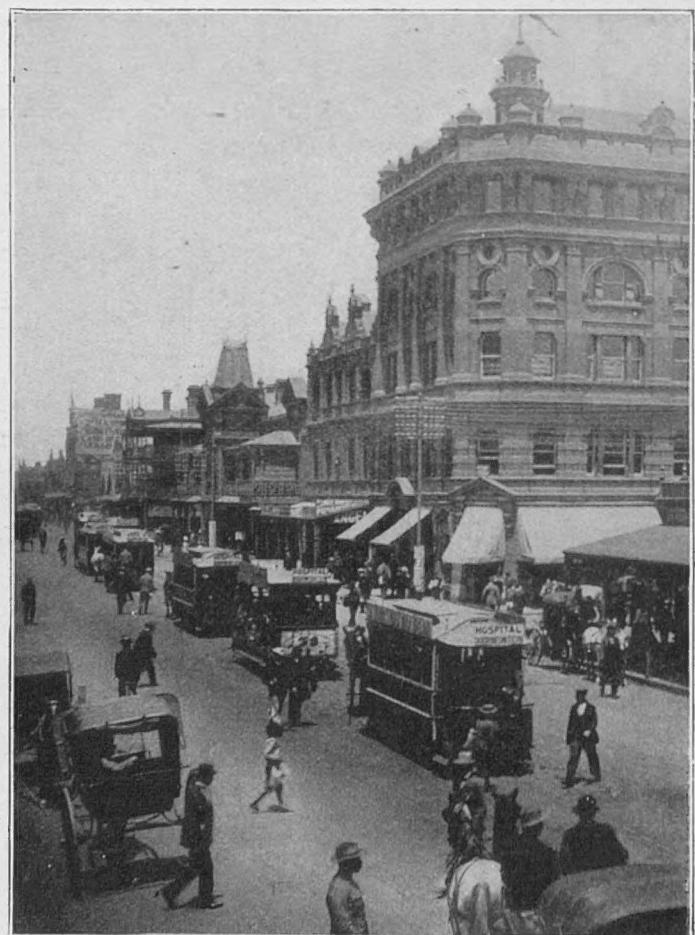
somewhat curious errand. The accomplice would ride over to a farm, and, after discussing with the old Boer the condition of his veld, cattle, &c., for an hour or two, would, in the usual Dutch fashion, then approach the real object of his visit by casually remarking, “That's a bad business about Mr. Johnson going wrong.” “Why, what's that you say?” the Boer would reply. “Oh, haven't you heard? They say Johnson's affairs are in a very bad way, and he's expected to smash at any time.” “Allemachter!” gasps the Boer, “why he's got a batch of my wool not paid for!” “If that is so,” says the accomplice, “if I were you, I would go and see about it at once.” So in the course of a few days Boer after Boer turned up at Johnson's store, where their fears were confirmed, but each was confidentially told by Johnson, “Well, you know, I shouldn't like *you*, at any rate, to suffer, so just take anything you like from the store in settlement.” It was a splendid ruse, and the last Boer who cleared out with a wagon-load of pocket-handkerchiefs went away thankful that he had, at any rate, got something; whilst our hero departed for Kimberley with the proceeds of the most successful “selling off” on record. Needless to say that he made a fortune there, and that—his name is not Johnson.

A good deal is just now being written about the bad generalship of the late Sir George Colley, who was killed at Majuba. *Vae victis!* But Colley was far from being the incompetent soldier that he is supposed to have been. His Staff, or some of them, were muddlers; Colley himself was “all Sir Garnet.” He was a man with an unbroken record of success; luck had always been his. In the Transvaal it turned against him.

At Laing's Nek, Colley's soldiers were advancing in skirmishing formation, slowly creeping up to the Boers, and meeting with small loss in their advance. Then one of the Staff took upon himself to order the men to form quarter-column and charge—an excellent thing in itself, but impossible with the force at disposal against dead-shots like the Boers then were. The result is all too well known.

At Majuba, again, it is taken for granted that Colley committed an insane blunder in going to that hill. There are a good many military men, however, who hold that the move was a sound one. Colley's intention was to be attacked, and, when the Boers attacked, Sir Evelyn Wood was to take them in the rear. Unfortunately, the battle began a little too soon.

When it was over, the Boers treated their prisoners very well indeed. At one time and another, I have come across a fair number of these prisoners, and they were unanimous as to the good treatment that they received. But of what the Boers did in the heat of action there are many ugly stories, and, if all are not to be taken as gospel, it is equally true that many of them must be. Not once, but many times, the Boers used the white flag to perpetrate treachery; and so often was this the case that one cannot but question how much diplomacy had to do with their good treatment of prisoners.

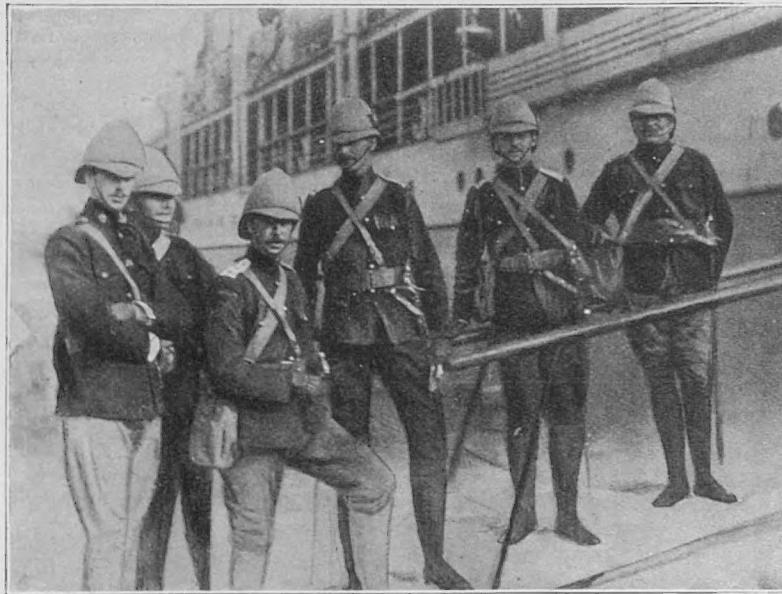


THE LATEST PHOTO OF COMMISSIONER STREET, THE THREADNEEDLE STREET OF JOHANNESBURG.

Among those who left Southampton in the *Braemar Castle* on Oct. 6 to take up Staff appointments with the Force that is being concentrated in Natal, was Colonel Rowland Broughton Mainwaring. This officer has been selected for the responsible position of Assistant-Adjutant-General of the 1st Division of the 1st Army Corps in the Field. He is by no means new to active service, for since joining the Army in 1871 he has been through three campaigns. These were those of Ashanti (1873), Burmah, and Hazara. In addition to this experience of warfare, he commanded his late battalion—the 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers—in Crete during the troubled period through which that unfortunate island has lately been passing. Until recently, Colonel Mainwaring held a Staff appointment in the Southern District, with headquarters at Portsmouth.

In the person of Brigade-Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Anthonisz, M.B., the medical branch of the Army is well represented on board the *Braemar Castle*. In the course of his twenty-eight years' service, Colonel Anthonisz has seen fighting in the Egyptian and Soudan Campaigns of 1882 and 1885. For these he wears the war-medal with clasp and the Khedive's star. In 1895 he attained his present rank, and, until embarking for the Cape, had been stationed at Gosport.

A strong contingent to the troops on the same vessel was furnished by a detachment of the Army Service Corps. Among the officers of this arm who embarked at the time were Captains A. E. Longden and J. A. T. Tredgold, and Lieutenants H. S. Buckle, H. S. Wright, and Shakespeare. Of these, the first-named has been in South Africa before,



OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.
CAPTS. LONGDEN AND TREDGOLD; LIEUTS. WRIGHT, BUCKLE, AND SHAKESPEARE.

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

as he served in the operations in Zululand in 1888. The three subalterns have come from Aldershot, where their respective companies were stationed before receiving orders to sail.

Probably few people who read the announcement of the departure of the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment from India for South Africa gave a thought to the regiment except as the Gloucesters. Yet the 1st Gloucester has a history second to none in the British Army, and though it has no Royal title or facings, the old 28th can well dispense with a distinction which does not always imply a great deal. Perhaps Lady Butler's picture of "The 28th at Quatre Bras" will immortalise the regiment more than any mere complimentary designation given to a battalion for having formed a "guard of honour" on some pacific occasion. At any rate, the 28th is the 28th, and that of itself is quite sufficient honour.

From its birth in 1694 the 28th has been distinguished, and to recount its services would take up far more space than is available here; but the long list of "honours" of the regiment records only a few of its exploits, though these begin with "Ramillies" and close with "Delhi." One unique distinction it can boast alone of British regiments, namely, the right of bearing the badge of the "Sphinx" both on the front and back of the helmet, and in the old days the number "28" was thus borne. This was won by the 28th by its splendid valour at Alexandria in 1801, when, assailed both in front and rear, the men formed in line, back to back, and beat off the enemy. Its bravery at Quatre Bras and Waterloo—where the "North Gloucesters" stood, with Picton's cry, "Remember Egypt!" ringing in their ears, till reduced to four companies—needs no detailing, nor does its no less brilliant services in the Crimea. The 1st Gloucester Regiment is the 28th; and when that is said, what more remains?

Considerably above the average of ordinary war-literature is "The Gentleman Digger," by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont (Greening and Co.).

This vivid story of Johannesburg life was originally given to the world in 1890, and has now been republished, with a new and stirring preface. The writing is vigorous and emphatic, the love-scenes flowing over with passion, while the writer's airy disregard for the everyday comma or conventional full-stop chimes in most fittingly with the rush and hurry of the life depicted in the pages of her novel. An interview with the Comtesse, who is exceptionally well-informed as to affairs in South Africa, appears on page 570, and I am able, here and now, to afford my readers an opportunity of judging for themselves whether all the hard things said about women writers and their looks are quite justified.

Dr. Yorke Davies, whose benevolent mission it is to reduce the stout figure to the mould of beauty, bids fair to be a philanthropist to the Army in the field. General Sir Redvers Buller evidently thinks highly of the "Food of Energy," an exceedingly nutritious "complete meat food," prepared from the original formulæ of Dr. Yorke Davies; for the Commander-in-Chief of the compact little Army Corps destined to give the Boers a lesson has taken out a number of tins for his troops. A day's rations are provided in one tin of this invaluable "Food of Energy," serviceable alike to Tommy Atkins and Jack, to sportsmen, tourists, and athletes.

I hear typewriters are superseding the printing-press in Army field operations for multiplying orders and despatches. Five Remingtons were sent to South Africa for this purpose last week.

Empire-builders—the workmen repairing the Empire Theatre the other day. No expansion of the Empire, however, is contemplated, or needed.



COLONEL A. H. ANTHONISZ, COMMANDING R.A.M.C., WHO EMBARKED OCT. 6 ON THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE" FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

A smart gathering assembled at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th inst., to witness the nuptials of Captain Douglas Campbell, of the Seaforth Highlanders, son of Mr. Alexander Campbell, who was formerly Conservative M.P. for Launceston, and the Hon. Violet Vivian, daughter of the late



THE HON. VIOLET VIVIAN (DAUGHTER OF LADY SWANSEA), MARRIED TO CAPTAIN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL ON OCT. 11.

Photo by Chapman, Swansea.

Lord Swansea, and sister of the present Peer. The bride and her sisters are well known in London Society, and are general favourites. The bridegroom has seen a good deal of active service, being with the Hazara Expedition in 1891, where he won one of his medals, the other being given for Chitral in 1895.

The Lord Bishop of Wakefield (Dr. Walsham How) performed the ceremony, and was assisted by the Archdeacon of London and the Rev. W. B. Webb Peploe. A bevy of ten pretty bridesmaids attended the bride, namely, the Hons. Averil, Alberta, and Alexandra Vivian (her sisters), Miss Evelyn Campbell (sister of the bridegroom), the Misses Vivian, Thorold, Loyd, and Heneage (cousins of the bride), and the Misses Florence and Kathleen Campbell (cousins of the bridegroom). They wore white satin relieved with sashes of Parma-violet chiffon, and large "Gainsborough" hats of the same colour trimmed with feathers. The bride was given away by her brother, the Hon. Odo Vivian, and wore a wedding-robe of white satin and her mother's bridal-veil of lace. Lady Swansea held a large reception after the ceremony at 4, Belgrave Place, after which Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell departed for their honeymoon-tour. The bride received a large number of wedding-presents, including a quantity of beautiful diamond ornaments.

The time-honoured custom known as the Searching of the Vaults, which is a necessary preliminary to the commencement of every fresh Session of Parliament, had a very special interest yesterday morning. Since the prorogation in August last, a tun of whisky has been mysteriously introduced into the nether regions of the Palace of Westminster, and it seems scarcely possible that, if Her Majesty's present Yeomen and Marshalmen of the Guard possess only half the enthusiasm and courage displayed by Sir Thomas Knyvett, who unearthed the Guido Fawkes conspiracy, they should pass this by unchallenged, even though Sir Wilfrid Lawson may not himself have figured in the procession. It is stated that in days gone by the morning's perambulation was fittingly concluded by an adjournment to a well-known hostelry on the other side of Palace Yard, where Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard sought to establish the fact that they were Beefeaters not only in name, but also in very deed. What in the face of the recent spirituous installation by the Kitchen Committee they attempted to prove yesterday would be difficult, if not invidious, to say.

The French wits have replaced the subject of Dreyfus by the war with the Transvaal. One of them, to show how little hot-blooded is the military spirit to-day, puts on scene a Boer officer and an English

officer, who regard each other from opposite sides of the frontier line, and finally come to speech. "Lieutenant," calls out the Boer officer, "have you any news of the Stock Exchange?" "Not yet," replies the English officer; "I wait for it with anxiety." "Thanks." The English officer, after a silence: "I suppose you are in gold-mines?" The Boer: "All my fortune is in mines." "And mine also." "Diable! I suppose you are anxious?" "Anxious is not the word. On account of stocks, I should prefer peace." "I also. Unhappily, we have got to fight." "If we must fight, we must; but it will be bad for business." And, after a moment's reflection: "I wonder what the heroes of antiquity would say to our conversation?" "We shall do well not to think about it."

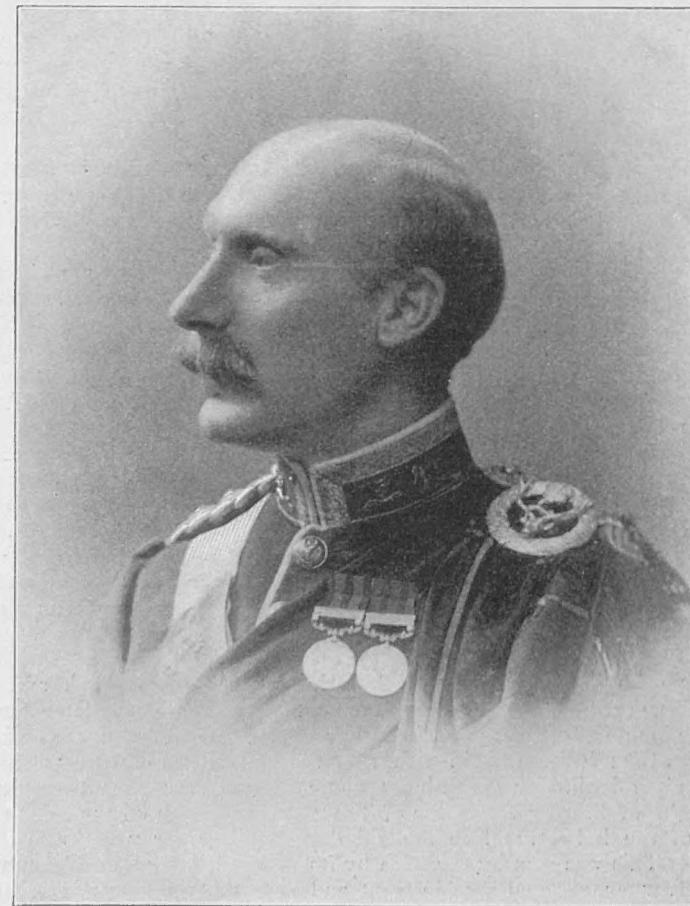
I am very glad to give publicity to some reminiscences of my good friend, "M. Jay"—

In your number dated Sept. 6 [he says], you give some account of "Carr's," the well-known dining-house in the Strand, and as I was well acquainted with the place in its palmiest days, perhaps you will allow me to supplement your notice with a short account of an interesting social gathering there at which I was present.

"Carr's" had earned such an excellent reputation that a writer in *All the Year Round* eulogised it as the only place in London where could be obtained a cut of roast beef and a bottle of Burgundy both cheap and good. It had prospered so well in the hands of Mr. Carr, its founder, that it became necessary to enlarge the premises. A large additional dining-saloon was built, and Mr. Carr inaugurated it by giving a dinner, to which he invited most of his old customers. I had for many years found "Carr's" a convenient dining-place, where I was a daily visitor, and, as an old supporter, I was included amongst the invited guests.

At this time the late Mr. W. H. Smith was seeking to enter political life, and was the prospective candidate for Westminster. Mr. Carr was an elector of Westminster, and as he intended, when election-time came, to support Mr. Smith, who was also a neighbour and a prominent man in the parish, he asked that gentleman to preside on the occasion of opening the new dining-saloon. Mr. Smith very readily consented, and a most excellent chairman he made.

The Duke de Staepoole, who was the other day the victim of a cowardly assault at his residence in Cadogan Gardens, is one of the best-looking men-about-town, and thoroughly *aufait* in matters political and commercial. His father, the late Duke, was a trusted adherent of the Pope, and a charming conversationalist, who could urge his point in debate with such grace and wit as fairly to disarm any opponent. The late Duke and his son brought back to England the unfortunate Cardinal Howard, when the state of his brain necessitated his removal from the English College in Rome. The responsibility undertaken by the Staepooles was very onerous, but they carried their mission through with success, and were present when the Cardinal was laid to rest in



CAPTAIN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL (SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS), MARRIED TO THE HON. VIOLET VIVIAN ON OCT. 11.

Photo by Whyte, Inverness.

that strange chapel belonging to the Duke of Norfolk which is legally bricked off from the Parish Church. Cardinal Howard, by the way, was the last Cardinal to be buried in England, his immediate predecessors being Cardinals Newman and Manning.

Next to St. Andrews, the "little city by the northern sea," the Mecca of all good golfers, perhaps no place has more interest to devotees of the royal game than North Berwick. Every year it is becoming increasingly attractive, and the fact that Whittingham is not far distant does not wholly explain Mr. A. J. Balfour's frequent excursions thither. Its golfing facilities are the magnet that irresistibly draws the Leader of the Commons House to its breezy, sea-bordered links. As a further inducement to visit North Berwick, a new hotel is to be erected on an eligible site near the Ladies' Glen. In connection with the hotel there will be an extensive golf-course, which will stretch eastward as far almost as Carty Bay. Among several notable strangers at North Berwick lately was H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, whose portly form was frequently recognised on the golf-course.



THE FAMOUS HORSE, INSURANCE,
MODELLED IN SILVER.

Tedworth Hounds. The presentation—a memento of Mr. Shrubbs many services to the Hunt—took the form of a large and massive silver model of his favourite horse, Insurance. The statuette (manufactured by Elkington and Co., Regent Street) stands twenty-one inches high, exclusive of its base, and is one of the most faithful likenesses and nicest pieces of modelling of the horse I have ever seen. Insurance, my sporting readers will remember, was running and winning races in 1891 to 1895, and was the runner-up in Burnaby's Cesarewitch.

So brilliantly successful was the visit of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry to Glasgow that there was much betting at 6 to 4 that Manchester could not beat Glasgow's record. The receipts for the seven performances at Glasgow fell just a little under £3000, but at Manchester they were even greater. It was said that twice during the Glasgow week Sir Henry took more money than he had ever taken for any performance, even at the Lyceum. With characteristic generosity, Sir Henry Irving distributed £20 amongst the "supers."

Many stories are told of Sir Henry Irving's generosity. Here is one of the latest. Mr. William Haviland told me recently that, when he was about to leave the Lyceum and to become his own manager, Sir Henry asked if he had any costumes that might be of service to the young manager. In the end, "the chief" made him a present of £600 worth of costumes.

It is a very good thing for an actor or actress to be a member of Sir Henry Irving's company during his American tour. Double salaries are paid then.

Both of the pieces that Mr. Norman Forbes is playing on tour are his own work. He is the author of "The Man in the Iron Mask," and one of the authors, Mr. Stephen Coleridge being his colleague, of an adaptation of "The Scarlet Letter."



A SUPERB PIECE OF PLATE.

a richly ornamented cornice. The centre-piece was designed and modelled by Her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 158 to 162, Oxford Street, London, W.

The revival of "Alone in London" may be regarded as a fit occasion to recall a few biographical facts concerning its distinguished, albeit somewhat erratic, author. It is fifty-eight years since Robert Buchanan

was born in a Staffordshire village, so that the virile penman—poet, playwright, and romancist—so freely credited as a Scotchman, is actually an Englishman by birth. Before everything, Buchanan is a Londoner, and the charms—the siren fascinations, the tragedies and comedies—of the great city have had no finer poetic interpreter. For over forty years Robert Buchanan has been one of its denizens, and not infrequently his memory reverts to the far-away days when he and his friend, David Gray the poet, shared a garret in Stamford Street. In 1860, Robert Buchanan published his first volume of poems, with the title "Undertones"; some years later, he contributed a finely sympathetic appreciation of his dead friend, David Gray. His play, "A Madcap Prince," written when a youth, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre exactly a quarter of a century since. The late R. H. Hutton, the eminent editor of the *Spectator*, declared of Buchanan's poetic achievement that "the voice of dumb, wistful yearning in Man towards something higher had not found as yet any interpreter equal to Buchanan." As a poet, however, he has not yet received his due recognition.

Miss Mabel Hackney, a young English actress who has already attracted considerable attention in the dramatic world by reason of her beauty and her talents, is now a leading member of the company at



MISS MABEL HACKNEY, WHO PLAYS THE COUNTESS CARINI IN
"A ROYAL FAMILY," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

the Court for "A Royal Family." Before she decided to enter the profession, Miss Hackney made a name for herself as a dramatic reciter, and was at once engaged by Mr. George Alexander. At the St. James's she understudied Miss Evelyn Millard in all her leading parts. Miss Hackney has more than common beauty, a good presence, easy, graceful manners, a musical voice, and very distinct dramatic talent. She is a Welsh girl.

Some actors are born to die—on the stage, for even popular actors are not exempt from the ordinary laws of Nature, although the popular impression accords favourite performers a longevity which even Methuselah might have envied. To the lot of few actors does it fall to experience the sensation of having a noose about their neck preparatory to being launched into the other world. Mr. Murray Carson, however, whose recent performance in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," which has attracted so much notice, did not in that play have this eerie sensation for the first time. When, a few years ago, "The Fatal Card" was produced at the Adelphi, he, in the part of the villain of the play, was prepared, in some place in the backwoods of America which the scene represented, for lynching, and was only saved from being incontinently hauled to the top of the telegraph-pole by the efforts of the hero, played by poor Will Terriss. The author who is bold enough to hang Mr. Carson has evidently not arrived yet.

I hear with pleasure that Sir John R. Robinson and many of the editorial staff of the *Daily News* will grace with their presence the dinner to be given to Mr. William Senior on the occasion of his retirement (in the prime of life) from the post he has for upwards of thirty years held as one of the ablest and most versatile Special



MR. WILLIAM SENIOR ("REDSPINNER"). ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Correspondents of the *Daily News*. I cordially join my brother Pressmen in wishing my good friend Senior long years of lettered ease. As our modern Walton, he will, as "Redspinner," continue to edit the angling columns of the *Field*. Quite on a par as a vivid word-painter with his colleagues, Archibald Forbes and Henry H. S. Pearse (who is again at "the front" for the *Daily News*), William Senior well deserves the admiration he has won for his literary ability. Personally very popular for his good-nature, and for the helping hand he has never failed to give to young recruits to the journalistic army, he will be assuredly cheered to the echo next Saturday night at the feast to be given in his honour at the Trocadéro, the remarkable prosperity of which fashionable restaurant may be attributed to the able and spirited management of Mr. Joseph Lyons and Mr. Alfred Salmon.

I am delighted to hear that the Prince of Wales has graciously honoured the well-earned John Hollingshead "benefit" with his patronage. His Royal Highness has a special faculty for recognising, in his own kind-hearted way, the public services of prominent men. Following the Prince's lead, let us all strive to bring about a bumper "benefit" for "Honest John"—one of the best of good fellows.

There is, perhaps, no Lodge that represents the Masonic Brotherhood in so cosmopolitan a fashion as the Telegraph Cable Lodge does. It has members in every clime. This was notably proved at the last meeting, at the Hôtel Cecil, where W. Bro. George C. Jack (to whom the song of "We All Love Jack" particularly applies) was installed W.M. in succession to W. Bro. W. O. Smith, whose mastery of the ritual is something quite exceptional. From Buenos Ayres and Shanghai, from Capetown and New South Wales, from Alexandria and Durban, and other distant

ports, often come members to the Telegraph Cable Lodge, which is in a very flourishing condition. "Jack's the boy for work, Jack's the boy for play!"

The anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar on Saturday next has led a correspondent to forward me a charming story about Lord Nelson that I have never heard before. It seems that just a short time before the memorable and glorious engagement off Cape Trafalgar, when the fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down in two columns on the enemy, his lordship went below with Captain Hardy and as many other officers as could be spared from the deck, leaving it in charge of his aide-de-camp, a fine young officer by the name of William Rivers, who was but seventeen years of age, at the same time handing him his telescope, and Captain Hardy handed him his speaking-trumpet. It was a proud moment for so young a man to be placed in such a position, even for the short time Lord Nelson was below, where he went to encourage the men, and see that everything was ready for the sanguinary fight.

The battle soon after this became severe, and a perfect storm of round-shot came from the enemy in all directions, one of which shattered the left foot of young Rivers. Two of the seamen standing near immediately lifted him from the deck where he had fallen to carry him below, and on passing Lord Nelson, the Admiral asked who it was, when the wounded man himself replied, "I am afraid I can be of no further use to your lordship to-day." Nelson then turned to Hardy and said, "See young Rivers is provided for," which request he did his best to perform, but it was afterwards more fully carried out by His Majesty King William IV.

As young Rivers was being carried below, the pain caused by the mutilated foot dangling and dragging from step to step became so great that he desired the men who were supporting him to put him down, and, borrowing a knife from one of them, severed the injured part, literally cutting off his own leg, after which the doctor partially attended to him; and then he had to wait his turn to have his leg amputated a second time, just below the knee, which was so skilfully performed by Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Beatty that, when Mr. Rivers went to sea again the following year as Lieutenant, he was so active with his wooden leg that he could race any man in the ship to the masthead.

A marble bust of this gallant officer was subscribed for by many distinguished officers in the Navy, and placed in the Painted Hall in Greenwich Hospital.

Dr. Clark will be one of the central figures of the Special Session of Parliament. Champions of the Uitlanders have been irritated by his activity on the side of the Boers, and he is likely to hear some taunts about the letter which was recently written by General Joubert to "Dear Dr. Clark." At one time the Member for Caithness acted as Consul-General for the South African Republic; but, as he has frequently had occasion to state, he has never accepted a penny from the Boers. In general politics Dr. Clark is an advanced Radical and associates with Mr. Labouchere. His latest fad is Federal Home Rule. He likes to speak from Mr. Labouchere's corner, and contrives to stand on one leg by resting on the back of the bench; he has a nagging tone, and he rarely completes a sentence. He is a vigorous, active man, not constant in attendance at Westminster, but when there making his presence felt. The closing days of a Session are his busiest.



H.M.S. "VICTORY," NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Never in the history of shipping has the Atlantic passenger-traffic been so heavy as this season. The war kept many Americans from crossing last year, so that this summer saw really two seasons' passengers afloat. So difficult has it been to get a passage back to America that many travellers are waiting still for a boat. Next year it will be more



ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMORE, B.A., PRESENT COMMANDER OF THE "VICTORY."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

congested still, for the Paris Exhibition will bring us an enormous number of Americans. I hear, indeed, that some of the companies decline even now to guarantee passages back to America. A friend of mine, who has just crossed the "pond" for the first time, has been so charmed with his experience that he has broken out in verse on the friendships to be formed in a week at sea on the Atlantic. The lady of his lines, I understand, belongs, like Lalage Potts, "to the U.S.A.," but, of course, Nature's duchesses belong to other peerages than "Debrett's"—

For days adrift; a starry sky :
A ripple on the shimmering sea.
No shadow of a sail goes by :
For once, at least, we all feel free.
Then looms my Lady Liberty,
And, paradoxie, seeks to check
The friendships that are loth to flee,—
Adieu, dear Duchess of the Deck!

A-weary of your wakeful West,
Where life is all too young to sleep,
But ever roysters in unrest,
While horseless trolleys roar and sweep,
You sought the seas that laugh and leap
Around my Island, neck on neck.
Britannia rules the daring deep,
And made you Duchess of the Deck.

A common language made us peers,
And yet adown the surging Strand
We might have passed unknown for years,
As if we could not understand.
We could not "fix" it on the land,
But when at last we came to trek
Those watery wastes, we clasped the hand
As comrades, Duchess of the Deck.

For days on end the sky was blue;
To me it spoke of Holiday :
To you, who looked to Work with rue,
That same old sky grew sometimes grey.
It varied to our point of view,
As if it could of temper reck.
Then silence claimed the "cunning" screw;
You left us, Duchess of the Deck.

When London fogs obscure from sight
Our Nelson in Trafalgar Square,
A melancholy midshipmite
Will picture in the murky air
A dreamer in a folding chair,
Bathed in a Sun (to him a speck),
The breezes rippling in her hair—
She was a Duchess of the Deck.

It may not be generally known that although Conan Doyle killed Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective is not dead but liveth. Quite recently, I was chatting with a doctor who graduated at Edinburgh and knew both "Watson" and "Sherlock Holmes" quite well. The detective is Mr. Joseph Bell, the famous surgeon, one of the directors of the Edinburgh Infirmary. While he was never a detective, his powers of diagnosis are so wonderfully developed that even his pupils are quite surprised. In addition to being a master of diagnosis, he is just the strange and accurate observer whom Conan Doyle has drawn. His knowledge of Scotland is, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." He has so keen an ear for dialect that when a Scot comes to the Infirmary he can at once recognise the town from which the visitor hails. Mr. Bell has a very large private practice, and is reckoned to be one of Edinburgh's most skilful surgeons. I am told that Dr. Doyle, who had no reputation for writing when he was a student, and no apparent ambitions in the direction of literature, had a very keen admiration for Mr. Bell, and studied the surgeon almost as much as the lectures and demonstrations. Mr. Bell is not altogether unlike the published portraits of Sherlock Holmes, being rather sparely built and clean-shaven. His hair is quite white, but he is not an old man, and is regarded as one of the most famous of the Scottish surgeons who have kept the name of Edinburgh University so much to the fore in the annals of medical progress. It may not be generally known that many Scotch surgeons are sent for to conduct operations in America, and that the fee is not less than three hundred guineas and expenses.

Mr. Harrison W. Weir, the well-known author, artist, and journalist, who last year created no little sensation in farm-yard circles by proposing to place a muzzle upon all crowing cocks, calls attention to a remarkable peculiarity concerning the humming-bird hawk-moth, the abundance of which in all parts of the country has been the undoubted feature of the entomological year. This is no other than the extraordinary fact that this interesting moth, which, for some reason or other, has been much confounded with the humming-bird itself, is in the habit of returning to the same place day after day, with almost clockwork regularity, for the purpose of feeding on its favourite flowers during its brief existence. About two years ago, a lady in the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, where Mr. Harrison Weir resides, informed him that she had observed one in her garden, and regretted that he had not been present to witness its movements. Mr. Weir, having ascertained that the moth had visited the garden at a quarter to five, told the incredulous lady that it would be there at the same hour on the following afternoon. This actually proved to be the case on the five succeeding days as well, when it disappeared. This remarkable regularity of habit is attributed to the fact that the garden in question was ablaze with petunias, the scent of which becomes sweeter towards the latter part of the day.



CAPTAIN F. C. BRIDGEMAN, R.N., FLAG-CAPTAIN TO ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMORE, WHO FILLS THE PLACE OF NELSON'S "HARDY."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

A hundred years ago the Colonial Secretary had so little to do that the office was abolished. To-day he does so much that some people think he ought to be abolished (but none of the loyal *Sketch* men are in that galley).

Some workmen have been charged at the South-Western Police Court with using quick-firing shells as household ornaments. We shall next hear of fire-lighters being made out of gun-cotton, or young children given microbe-germs for pets.

Captain Nathaniel Green Herreshoff, the designer of the *Columbia*, is the seventh of the nine surviving children of his parents, and was born in March 1848, so that he is in his fifty-second year. He traces his family back to the earliest history of the United States, and his great-grandfather, John Brown, of Providence, was one of the chief founders of Brown University, of Providence, and was its treasurer for twenty years when it was known as "Rhode Island College." The antagonism which Captain Herreshoff shows in a friendly spirit towards English-built vessels was displayed by John Brown in a most unfriendly manner, for it was he who planned and headed the expedition which burned the English armed vessel *Gaspée* when she lay aground in Providence River. For this act the English Government offered a reward for his capture, and he was subsequently taken and sent to Boston, but was afterwards released through the influence of his brother. When the War of the Revolution broke out, John Brown supplied Washington's army with powder when it was sadly in need of that commodity.

Captain "Nat," as he is commonly called, has been connected with boats and boatbuilding all his life, for his father before him was a famous boat-designer and builder, and his improvements in racing craft were, in his day, probably as great as those of his illustrious son to-day. At ten, "N. G.," as he is sometimes called by his intimates, could sail a boat with great skill, and at seventeen he became a student in the Institute of Technology at Boston, where he devoted himself to physics as applied to steam-engineering and naval architecture. When he was twenty-two, he joined the famous Corliss Steam-Engine Company of Providence, and there he designed the engines and all the naval construction of the House of Herreshoff, which he joined later as designer, superintendent, and part-owner. He studied yacht-building everywhere in the United States and in Great Britain, and in 1890 he developed the model which may, without hesitation, be said to have revolutionised yachting. The first vessel which marked the new departure was the *Gloriana*, built for Mr. E. D. Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club. She was followed by the *Wasp*, which is said to have been the most successful boat which has come out of the Bristol shop, where the Herreshoff works are situated. Certainly the *Wasp* won a remarkable list of prizes everywhere.

In 1892, the first of the Cup-defender models was begun, when the centreboard sloop *Navahoe*, which carried the pennant of Mr. R. Phelps Carroll, was built. Then followed the *Vigilant*, which was launched in June 1893, and was the first large yacht plated in bronze, while, in February 1893, the keel-boat *Colonia* was started as soon as the *Navahoe* was launched. In February 1895, Captain Herreshoff began the *Defender*, which was finished in the July of the same year, to race against the *Valkyrie*.

Captain Nat lives quite close to the works, and all the year round gets up at about five o'clock in the morning, so that he is either at work in his model-room or at the shops very early indeed. It is a curious fact that three of his brothers and one of his sisters are blind, but they are quite as sharp mentally as the others who have their sight. The Captain has been married for many years, and has six children, five boys and a girl, all of whom have taken to boats as naturally as ducks take to water.

A standing "fill-up" article in the French Press is the one giving a list of the English aristocracy engaged in commerce. An even more interesting one would be a list of world-famous French families who derive the bulk of their income from the sale of tobacco. As the Government holds a monopoly for the sale of matches that do not light and debauched cabbage-leaves retailed in the form of tobacco, they give away, in the form of a pension to officers' widows, the right to exploit

one of the bureaux. The latest candidate for this favour is none other than the widow of General Brault, chief of the famous Etat-Major, who is dead, penniless. Madame Jules Simon had to fall back on the tobaccoconist favour in order to make ends meet, and a movement is on foot to grant a similar concession to the old father of Mar-chand of Fashoda fame. In nine cases out of ten the shops are sub-let.

The gloves of Yvette Guilbert exist no more. Those strange black adornments that suggested that she had dressed upside down, and put on her stockings in the wrong place, have been banished from her toilette. When, after a long tour round Europe, she appeared last week nodding and smiling before a Folies-Bergère audience, she seemed to have lost her principal claim to identity and fame. She looked cold, and her bare arms looked colder still. Never in my life have I seen such a tremendous difference in appearance effected by a mere detail in attire. She was in excellent voice, by the way, but in sorrow I record the fact that she is getting stout.

Something new. "The Thames as a Pleasure-resort" is the title of several articles in an evening paper. We are so accustomed to think of the Thames as a rubbish-bin and as a home for lost eats that we forget it has other uses.

In one mine in the Transvaal it is stated that the directors "are going to hang up a hundred stamps immediately." These, if the Transvaal ceases to be a separate State, will become immensely more valuable to stamp-collectors. Possibly it is an effort to keep capital in reserve because of the war.

"Common-sense" writes—

A word of warning as to the hat-plumage faddists. The birds shot—the lowest of the animal world—live in pestilent swamps, where their lives are a misery to themselves and the insects on which they gormandise. The time which they do not employ in ruining their constitutions they devote to the annoyance of everything within hearing. They breathe up valuable air. The trades thrown out of employment, the shot and cartridge manufacturers, the hunters, bird-stuffers, milliners, swatted syndicates, and underpaid directors, all these go for nothing with the so-called humanitarians, who, if not birds in their hats, have bees in their bonnets. To say nothing of the aesthetic education of a pretty hat—and after they are dead is the only time in their lives these poultry are of the slightest use—all this industry is to be dislocated because an ill-conditioned fowl wants to overeat itself and make night hideous for the innocent lion and the amiable leopard.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON WATCHING THE "SHAMROCK" TRIALS.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

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GENERAL SIR W. F. GATACRE, WHO WILL COMMAND A DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.



ON BOARD THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE" (BOUND FOR THE CAPE): A WHOLESOME MEAL FOR MR. ATKINS.



ON BOARD THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE" (BOUND FOR THE CAPE): MR. ATKINS DISPOSES OF HIS KIT.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS COURTEOUSLY SUPPLIED BY DONALD CURRIE AND CO.



TROOPS FOR THE WAR.

DEPARTURE OF THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE" FROM SOUTHAMPTON FOR THE CAPE ON OCT. 6.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH COURTEOUSLY SUPPLIED BY DONALD CURRIE AND CO.

"AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.



Agatha Vincent (Miss Denman).

Penny (Mr. Arthur Williams). Miss Gordon (Mrs. Canninge).

The susceptible Penny takes Miss Gordon for the Bridesmaid, and proposes to her in these terms—"Be Mrs. Penny, and make twopence of it!"

Cris Trevor (Mr. Gerald Du Maurier).



Hon. Mrs. Gordon (Miss Granville).

Violet Babington (Miss Sarah Brooke).

Mr. Gordon (Mr. Arthur Elwood).

MR. GORDON: For shame! Here is a young lady who is going to be married to-morrow, and proposes spending the rest of her days in an early grave or Bedlam!



TROOPS FOR THE WAR.

12ND FIELD BATTERY R.A. SHIPPING HORSES AT PRINCE'S DOCK, BOMBAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIFTON AND CO., BOMBAY.

A CHAT WITH ANNA, COMTESSE DE BRÉMONT, AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN DIGGER."

Last July, the Comtesse de Brémont, who is in touch with political affairs in the Transvaal, saw the approach of the present trouble. She wrote Mr. Marston about bringing out a new edition of "The Gentleman Digger," in view of certain facts of the book being verified. Mr. Marston, not seeing his way to a reissue of the book, and not wishing to play the rôle of "a dog in the manger," presented the Comtesse with the copyright of the book, as well as certain plates connected with the publication.

"Now, that was generous of Mr. Marston, was it not?" observed the Comtesse, "and proves that not all publishers smother their good impulses."

"Tell me what you think of the Boers," said *The Sketch* representative, coming to the point.

"I have seen them under many conditions," was the reply. "I have had coffee with Oom Paul and Tante Kruger, and I have taken 'pot-luck' in many a Boer homestead when trekking through the wilds of the Transvaal. I have found the Boer hospitable when it cost him nothing, friendly when he had something to gain, indifferently courteous under what might be termed protest; since the Boer has not a very exalted opinion of womankind. He will be polite through policy to a woman who appears at his door in all the splendour of a perfect outfit of waggons, mules, and servants; but Heaven help that woman should she come afoot and crave his charity! The Boer has no respect for man or woman on foot, but the presence of a horse commands his unbounded respect. As an individual, the Boer is harmless, good-natured, but withal bigoted and narrow-minded, and he is undoubtedly brave. But, as a class, the Boer is vindictive, boastful, and afflicted with that spirit of conceit which the Americans so cleverly sum up in their expressive slang as the 'swelled-head.'"

"Do you think they want war?" queried *The Sketch*.

"Most decidedly!" replied the Comtesse emphatically. "The Boers have long plotted to drive the British out of the Transvaal, that they might enjoy quietly the prosperity which British enterprise has brought to their doors."

The Comtesse de Brémont made this declaration with so much suppressed feeling that *The Sketch* ventured to ask if she was an Englishwoman.

"Not quite; but I am of British blood," said the Comtesse. "My family is Irish; but I was born and brought up in America. I am a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, which, by the way, is called the 'State of Presidents.'"

"Have you no pleasant recollections of the Boers?"

"I am happy to say I have many," answered the Comtesse; as she took up some photographs lying on her writing-desk. "Here is a picture of President Kruger's home in Pretoria. I left Johannesburg with a coaching-party for Pretoria. This is a photo of the coach making a stop at the Half-Way House of Orange Grove, a beautiful little pleasure-resort *en route* to Pretoria. That was the usual mode of reaching Pretoria in those days, before the advent of the railway. I found Pretoria a most lovely little town, with wide, shady streets, and most cosy, picturesque dwellings. The President received our party most cordially in his study, where he was smoking and talking with several members of the Raad, one of whom was General Eloff, son-in-law of the President. Mr. Kruger shook hands quite warmly with me."

"Mr. Kruger was arrayed in a greasy frock-coat," she continued, "and wore a dingy-looking top-hat. He has a fondness for top-hats, and wears one constantly—both indoors and out. After a little chat with the gentlemen of the party, Mr. Kruger called a member of the family, and sent us, the ladies, to have coffee with Mrs. Kruger. We found the President's wife in a comfortable sitting-room, surrounded by a number of women relatives. She did not rise as we were presented, owing to the fact that she is a semi-invalid, through dropsy; but she made amends by treating us to the best coffee I have ever tasted; this was served in huge cups, with dishes of rich home-made cake. We quite enjoyed this typical Boer refreshment, as our long coach-drive in the fresh air had made us somewhat hungry. Mrs. Kruger was gowned in black cashmere, and wore a little three-cornered shawl across her shoulders, while a small black-lace cap rested on her well-brushed and evidently well-greased hair. She had a kindly, matronly air, and plied me with questions about the Queen and ladies of the Royal Family that kept our interpreter busy, since my Dutch was too imperfect to quite follow her. When we were leaving, she managed to rise—no doubt, in honour of ladies who knew so much of the Queen, and extended a cordial invitation to call and have coffee whenever we came to Pretoria. During another visit to Pretoria I visited the Volksraad when in session. Here is a snapshot picture," said the Comtesse, handing *The Sketch* a small photo. "That is President Kruger at the table under the flag; if you take this magnifying-glass, you can see him quite plainly. Note the serious expression of his face as he listens to the member standing up, who, by the way, appears to have a double, as he moved during the taking of the picture. Here is a view of the Market Square; and this of one of the wide streets is very good—quite like a street in an old English town. Well, who knows but what it may soon be one in reality?" said the Comtesse musingly. "I am sorry for the Boers, on the whole," she said in conclusion; "and for President Kruger in particular, since he is a man of certain culture and many noble qualities; but he's got to 'climb down,' and that soon."

SOME FACTS ABOUT BOER LEADERS.

In the beginning of the century, when the great Napoleon was sweeping his victorious banner over Europe, the country now known as the Transvaal was an immense wilderness lying between the Limpopo and the Vaal Rivers, and bounded by the Drakenberg Mountains and the Kalahari Desert. It was thickly inhabited by tribes of Bœchuanas, who followed their peaceful calling of cattle-raising and husbandry until a terrible foe appeared over the mountains and invaded the land of the weaker tribes. This foe was Msilikazi and his Zulu warriors.

The emigrant farmers, led by Polgieter and Maritz, crossed the Vaal to seek a new home in the wilderness, and thus escape the advancing power of the English, who had already subjugated the Boers of the Free State. A terrible struggle ensued between the Lion of the North and the emigrant farmers. In conducting this warfare against their enemies, the emigrants were equally cruel and bloodthirsty. They justified their acts by a sort of religious fanaticism, and quieted all qualms of conscience by comparing themselves to the Israelites fleeing from Egypt, and their foes to Canaanites, whom they shot down with as little compunction as if they had been so many wolves.

There is a pathetic legend still told by the Boers to their children of the three days when Msilikazi stood at bay, putting forth all his strength in vain against the terrible horsemen who were so fearfully avenging the death of the Christians (Boers) whom the great warrior had massacred in defence of his land and kraals. The third day, crippled and bleeding, he gathered his forces together and fled. The Boers pursued him to the Little Marico River, where the dauntless warrior made his last stand. There he was defeated, and the great Lion of the North fled like a timid antelope far beyond the Limpopo to Zambesia, whence he never returned. His descendants, the Matabele, are the same clan defeated in the late Matabele War.

The Boer leaders, Polgieter and Maritz, governed their people well, standing on guard, with a Bible in one hand and a gun in the other, until the arrival of General Andries Pretorius on the scene. This was after the battle of Boomplaats, when English authority was firmly established south of the Vaal.

Pretorius was at once invested with the chief military command of all the emigrants, despite the fact that a price of £2000 had been set upon his head by the English High Commissioner. A Government was established that was perhaps the purest form of Democracy on the face of the earth. General Pretorius was proclaimed President, and the little colony of farms where he dwelt was called "Pretoria," after the General, and became the capital of the State. Pretorius died on July 23, 1853, only eighteen months after the independence of the Transvaal was recognised by Great Britain. The death of this "Washington" of the South African Republic is touchingly described by the Boer historians. Incessant mental labour had told upon his iron constitution, and he fell a victim to a malignant dropsy; he was ill but a month. Helpless on a bed of terrible pain, he preserved a noble fortitude throughout. When the end was near, he put all his papers in order, and sent for the Commandants, Field-Cornets, and other influential Boers to hear his last advice. Several native chiefs were admitted to see him; the relatives of the dying man were much affected to witness the grief of these *heathern*, who knelt successively and kissed his hand. When everything connected with the world was settled, Pretorius devoted his remaining hours to praise and prayer until the end. The Boers reverence the memory of Pretorius as a Joshua sent to deliver them in the hour of their need.

From these three great Boer leaders, Pretorius, Polgieter, and Maritz, the present leaders of to-day have descended more or less directly. The Boers intermarry to such a degree that it might be termed, in Mr. Gilbert's humorous line, a land of "my sisters, my cousins, and my aunts."

Of the latter-day Boer leaders, Henning Pretorius was in his time the most noted and valiant. Only one man has surpassed him, and that man is Piet Joubert. Piet Kronjé is one of the heroes of Dingaan's Day, as the great defeat of the Zulu chief is termed and celebrated every year. The Boers regard him in the light of a double hero for his capture of Dr. Jameson. Kronjé has been in every war since Dingaan's Day. The horse he rode in one battle received five bullet-wounds, inflicted at a distance of about five yards, but Kronjé escaped, and lives to fight another, and no doubt bloodier, day, according to the Boer hope.

Polgieter is the subject of many Boer stories. He would think nothing of cutting a man's throat to gain his ends—the Boers' freedom. He possesses all the fighting qualities of his great ancestor. He would have made quick work of Dr. Jim's "killing off," had it not been for Kronjé, whose influence saved the life of the gallant doctor.

Another leader is Tom Kelly. He ranks among the first of the latter-day leaders. He is in charge of the Zoutpansberg Division, and has twenty thousand Kaffirs under him. He is a rampant Boer agitator, and as fond of fighting as a Matabele warrior. It will not be hard to understand this when it is known that he is an Irish-Boer descendant of the old stock that finds its way so strangely into all lands and under all flags, but is still ever proud of its Irish blood. Tom Kelly speaks only Dutch and Kaffir. All the present leaders are up to the old standard of the fighting Boer. They care nothing for life—their own or that of their enemy; in fact, they go into a fight with the determination to die sooner than accept defeat. After all, the Boer is a brave man, and well worthy the steel or the bullet of a British soldier.



**DE TRANSVAALSCHE
VRIJHEIDS - OORLOG . 1880 - 1881.**

No 1	Veldkornet L.P. Bezuidenhoud, Potchefstroom.	No 10	Gen ^l P.J. Müller, Eidsburg.
2	Kom ^{dt} S.P. Grove, Middelburg.	11	Kom ^{dt} H. Steyn, Rustenburg.
3	Asst Kom ^{dt} General H. Schoeman, Pretoria.	12	General J.P. Steyn, Rustenburg.
4	Koörd ^{dt} Henning Pretorius, Elandsfontein, Pretoria.	13	Kom ^{dt} H. Bosha, Pietersburg, Pretoria.
5	Kom ^{dt} Louis Fourie, Lange Nek.	14	Kom ^{dt} G. Engelbrecht, Standerton.
6	Kom ^{dt} H.R. Leemper, Potchefstroom.	15	Veldgouvern ^l S.M. Koch, Potchefstroom.
7	Kom ^{dt} J.D. Weilbach, Vryheid en Lange Nek.	16	Leit ^l general J. M. Cronje, Bronkhorst.
8	Weesheer J.S. Joubert, Sen. Gijzelhaar te Newcastle.	17	Kom ^{dt} General J.P. Joubert.
9	Kom ^{dt} J. du Plessis De Beer, Wonderboom, Pretoria.	18	General P.A. Kronjé, Potchefstroom.
10	General J. Smith, Africabur.		

NOTABLE BOER COMMANDERS.

GENERAL JOUBERT IS IN THE CENTRE OF ROW 3, AND KRONJÉ LAST OF ALL.

THE HEROINE OF "MAN AND HIS MAKERS," AT THE LYCEUM.



MISS LENA ASHWELL, ONE OF THE MOST TALENTED ACTRESSES ON THE STAGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.



HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (THE MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., LL.D.).
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

HALL CAINE ON "THE CHRISTIAN."

What surprises one most in meeting Hall Caine, novelist, dramatist, essayist, and ex-journalist, is, firstly, to find that he is not by many degrees so pugnacious as his prefaces—especially his latest one—would indicate; secondly, to find that he is not really a Manxman, as is so often stated, but a Liverpudlian, and, what is more, is proud of it. He is only Manx by adoption. Moreover, although he appears at first sight to have a somewhat dreamy and poetic manner, our author is really a man of boundless nervous energy.

Hall Caine has been charged by some as being somewhat affected in his speech, and rather inclined to pose. I do not find this in him. What I do find is an extreme guardedness of speech, as though anxious not to mislead or to cause misunderstanding, and certainly an intense desire not to wound anyone. Those who complain of his seizing this or that chance of getting what a world-renowned brother bard called "bold advertisement," are simply blaming him for being business-like. It is surely no great sin for a man who has had to fight his way up from the smallest beginnings—and through much of that adversity which all, alas, do not find so sweet as Sweet Will makes out—to avail himself of gaining publicity for his wares. And if Hall Caine does thus avail himself of advertisement, have we many novelists, playwrights, players, or even newspaper-men, who respectively hide their lights under a bushel, or who, as regards their respective wares, emulate the "Decayed Gentlewoman" who, being reduced to the selling of trotters, took care to always ery them under her breath, lest anyone should hear her? I trow not. Not to put too fine a point upon it, I found Hall Caine a very lovable, domestic man, full of affection for all his kith and kin, and especially for his charming and intellectual sister, Lilly Hall Caine, a devout student of the drama and the exponent of the wronged, gentle Polly Love in the stage version of "The Christian."

As we fell to talking of this play, and of the manner in which the novelist had worked it out, Mr. Caine began to kindle into enthusiasm. It was easy to see that the writing both of this enormously successful novel and of the dramatisation thereof had been a labour of love to him. He did not deny that he was pleased, nay, grateful, for the great financial success of the novel in its many editions, and of the play during its long and still continuing American run, which has already brought Mr. Caine between eight and ten thousand pounds in fees. "The Christian" is, indeed, a tremendous success as played in America, with Miss Viola Allen as Glory Quayle, and soon after its being started there it received an overwhelming boom by reason of a matinée of the piece being given by Mr. Charles Frohman to several hundred ministers of every creed and class at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, and by batches of these ministers writing testimonials—sometimes not unmixed with objections to this or that situation or utterance of the author. Whether Mr. Frohman will repeat this notion in London is yet to be seen. For my part, I should think it is not unlikely.

Having candidly confessed that there are points in the novel of "The Christian," as well as in "The Manxman," that made me inclined to denounce Mr. Caine, I was glad to find that, like Mr. Wilson Barrett's second adaptation of the last-named story, the play looked like being in many respects an improvement upon the book. I gathered during our conversation that the character of John Storm had been amended somewhat, softened down, made more human. Also that no attempt had

been made to introduce any of Mr. Caine's somewhat eccentric references to the hospital life and habits and customs that prevail at race-meetings. The only indication concerning Turf matters is shown when Glory and her aristocratic and music-hall associates return from the Derby to the Garden-house in Clement's Inn. Moreover, as had been adopted soon after "The Christian" went "on the road" in America, a happy ending had been arranged. Certain characters had, of course, been omitted owing to the exigencies of the three hours' traffic of the stage. But, in addition to all this, there was, I found, as in the case of Mr. Barrie's adaptation of his story, "The Little Minister," a considerable amount of new material in the play.

For "The Christian," both as novel and drama, Mr. Caine claimed as his "mission" the showing of the sufferings and temptations imposed upon Woman, when (as exemplified in Glory Quayle) she is condemned to go about the world getting her own living, and the fact that in the relations between the sexes—as shown by the fall of poor Polly Love—it is always "the Woman that pays." Anything that would tend to Man's better perception and sympathy in these matters is, of course, to be encouraged, be it in the form of story, sermon, or even stage-play.

Mr. Caine then described his rehearsals at the Duke of York's, his long conversations with the players, the minute instructions and character-analyses he gave them; and his almost gleeful gratitude for the keen intellectual interest they displayed in their respective characters, and for the many shrewd and brainy suggestions they made—all this was manifested by Mr. Caine in a most fascinating manner. Every man, even if he chance to be a poetically minded novelist, has his little vanity. I fancy that Mr. Caine's is, *entre nous*, a notion that he has some genius for stage-management. Speaking from a not utterly unpractical experience, I am afraid that Mr. Caine, full of gifts as he is, is somewhat self-deceived in this particular. But let that pass. It is enough to say that, happily for him, he was, I found, receiving the valuable assistance of Mr. W. Lestoeq and Mr. Francis Neilson, respectively Mr. Charles Frohman's English representative and English stage-manager.

Before leaving Mr. Hall Caine, after a long and (to me) deeply interesting chat, I threw out a hint as to a long-cherished idea of mine, namely, that Mr. Caine would, in due course, dramatise his powerful story, "The Shadow of

a Crime," a story which, although one of his earliest works, contains, in my humble judgment, a good deal of work that its author has never excelled. I found, however, that although he had long had some intention of preparing this work for the stage, it was not his purpose to do so yet awhile, especially as he has in hand a new story.

With a view to personally gathering a still further idea of Mr. Hall Caine's many-sidedness, I presently lured him on to what I had long known to be a beloved study of his—the English sonnet, to wit. He speedily rose to this, his eye partaking of something of that fine frenzy which is, or should be, part of the stock-in-trade of every poet-playwright-novelist. Straightway the distinguished author poured out upon me extracts from many of the best British sonneteers, from Michael Drayton down to William Wordsworth, and from Wordsworth down to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was one of Mr. Caine's first helpers and encouragers. These elegant extracts eloquently given brought to a close one of the most delightful chats I have ever had with an author. As I left, I felt that I was leaving a man of the keenest perception, of the deepest enthusiasm, and of boundless sympathy with the whole mass of humanity.

II. CHANCE NEWTON.



MR. HALL CAINE, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

Photo by the Albany Art Union, N. Pearl Street, Albany, New York.

"THE CHRISTIAN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE



MR. HERBERT WARING, WHO PLAYS JOHN STORM.

Photo by Mayall and Co., Ltd., Piccadilly, W.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO PLAYS GLORY QUAYLE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS LILLY HALL CAINE, WHO PLAYS POLLY LOVE.

Photo by J. Cawcavall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

MR. BEN WEBSTER, WHO PLAYS HORATIO DRAKE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

"THE CHRISTIAN" ON THE STAGE.

"The Christian," now figuring in the bills at the Duke of York's, had its first production in England at the Shakspere Theatre, Liverpool, on Monday, October 9, when it drew perhaps the most distinguished audience ever seen away from the West-End of London.

In a beautiful scene depicting the Tilting-Ground in the Ruins of Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man, the play opens with a prologue, which is labelled "Love's Cross-Roads." Here is shown Glory's first association with Horatio Drake and Lord Robert Ure, and John Storm's growing resentment thereof; his subsequent avowal of love for Glory, his old playmate, and her rejecting John for his own welfare's sake; his resolve to enter a monastery, his aristocratic father's indignation thereat, and his attempt to strike John.

The scene of the first act is laid in the saloon of the Colosseum, London—a variety-house which scenically bears a strong resemblance to a certain section of the Allumbra promenade. During the two years which are supposed to have elapsed, Glory has been hospital-nursing in London, but has just "gone on the stage," as the saying is. It is the night of her début at the Colosseum; the performance is just over, and her aristocratic associates, with the manager and a shady landlord known as the "Faro King," have arranged a little supper in the débutante's honour. At the moment when all are looking forward to "making a night of it," John Storm breaks in upon the party. He has left the Monastery, and has become the chief of an Anglican Brotherhood at a church which abuts on to the music-hall. John implores Glory to give up her new profession—a profession which he deems dangerous both to her body and her soul. In somewhat shame-faced fashion she defends her position, and presently the cynical debauchee, Lord Robert Ure, and the somewhat more moral Horatio Drake interfere, and are strongly denounced and defied by Storm, who vows to spiritually fight them to the death, and to rescue Glory from their toils. The next act, described as "The Crown of Thorns," is very varied and intense. It shows John in the midst of his mission-work at his church-club in connection with St. Mary Magdalene's, Soho. The most affecting episode in this is John's rescue of poor little Polly Love, who has been betrayed by Lord Robert Ure.

In the meantime, John is, with the help of his associates—the ascetic Father Lamplugh, and the devoted Paul Love, brother of the hapless Polly—working nobly among the local poor and fallen. John's enemies come to his church-club—now filled with one of the most realistic singing, yelling, dancing, and boxing mobs ever seen on any stage. The aristocrats, &c., notify Storm that he must give up possession of these ecclesiastical premises—of which Drake is the landlord—as the place is wanted for the proposed extension of the adjoining music-hall. John waxes very wroth, and volcanically hurls his righteous indignation at them, whereupon he is yellingly supported by his flock of costers, hawkers, flower- and factory-girls, reclaimed thieves, and other rescued fallen folk. With Glory's resolve to tear herself away, lest she should disturb or haply destroy John's influence among the suffering and the sinful, and with John's conflicting emotions during the singing of the Doxology in the church (a section of which is shown), this act ends.

In the next act matters begin to move more rapidly. The wicked Lord has not only been up and down seeking whose mind he can poison against poor Storm, but he has written, and caused to be attributed to that intensely earnest cleric, a series of terrible prophecies pointing out the imminence of the end of the world. Indeed, thanks to the malignant nobleman's slandering, poor John Storm's very life is soon in danger. So much so that on the night with which this act is concerned the hunted clergyman is tracked down to Glory's lodging in the old Garden-house, Clifford's Inn, where he comes, in fanatical distraction, not so much to seek shelter, as determined to slay Glory rather than her soul shall be lost.

A terribly passionate scene ensues between John and Glory, his desire to save her by killing her growing apace. With a wild outburst of fear and love, Glory pleads for her life, using every means of argument and of fascination to turn John from his fell purpose, and to re-awaken his ardent love for her. At a critical moment she succeeds, John relenting, and leaving her kneeling and praying for his safety.

The last act is chiefly concerned with the further persecution of John and the violent assault made upon him by his howling and now almost murderous "converts." Glory has little to do in this act but to rush on and help to rescue the bruised and bleeding clergyman from his furious enemies, and to indicate her resolve to quit her music-hall life for John's sake and to help him in his mission-work. A touching finale is given to the play by the now repentant Drake coming in and presenting the calmed Storm not only with the hand of Glory, but also with the lease of the church-buildings.

"The Christian" contains some excellent and thoroughly thought-out impersonations. First of these is undoubtedly Miss Evelyn Millard's charming, varied, and intensely powerful rendering of the luxuriantly red-tressed Glory Quayle. Equal in merit is the sweet and pathetic acting of Miss Lilly Hall Caine as the betrayed Polly Love, the artistic self-restraint exhibited by Mr. Charles Fulton as the devout Father Lamplugh, and by Mr. Ben Webster, who, as Drake, gives a really perfect performance. On the first-night the John Storm of that usually excellent actor, Mr. Herbert Waring, was somewhat disappointing. Of course, Mr. Waring had his fine moments, with which he held the house, but, on the whole, he lacked the necessary touch of fire, of imagination. Mr. Charles Groves was not too well-placed as Archdeacon Wealthy, the satire of which character will doubtless flutter certain ecclesiastical dove-cotes.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Lord Salisbury, himself a great worker, once observed to a friend that he was "ashamed to talk of hard work in the presence of the Bishop of London." And Dr. Temple, soon after he became Archbishop of Canterbury, when addressing a workmen's meeting at a recent Church Congress, offered his hearers a typical piece of his own history—

"My father was a working-man, a soldier, who, at the time of his death, was the Governor of a Colony; but he died when I was thirteen, and I had to make my own living at seventeen. I have known what it was to go without a fire because I could not afford one, and I have often worn patched clothes and boots."

It is a somewhat curious fact that the man who was to become one of the Headmasters of whom Rugby has so much reason to be proud should have been educated at a provincial grammar-school, that of Tiverton. Unlike most of his contemporaries, the Archbishop does not often refer to his school-days, although once, apropos of the rite of Confirmation, he drily remarked, "I was confirmed at the age of twelve, after having been asked one question which I could not answer." He is, however, still proud of having been in his day—that is to say, in the early 'forties—a Balliol man, and there are still among us men who remember their future Archbishop as the most sardonic and learned of dons.

He was ordained in 1846, at the age of twenty-five, and two years later he accepted the post of Principal at the Training College of Kneller Hall, at Twickenham. There he remained some years, but he always kept in close touch with Oxford. He then succeeded the great Dr. Goulburn as Headmaster of Rugby, and it was during this period of his life, when still a bachelor, that a Rugby boy is reported to have written home to his parents, "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast."

While thus on the very high-road to ecclesiastical preferment, Dr. Temple nearly wrecked all his chances by joining the group of contributors to the famous *Essays and Reviews*, and how strong was the feeling excited by this action may be gauged by the fact that, when he was asked, as Bishop of Exeter, to be Select Preacher at Oxford, Dean Goulburn publicly protested against "this miserable apostacy from the principles which once animated our University."

Again, during the earlier half of his life, the future Archbishop was considered a terrible Radical, and when, in 1876, his engagement to Miss Beatrice Blanche Lascelles was announced, the story goes that the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) announced the news with the words, "Our only Radical Bishop is going to marry a near relation of three Dukes!"

Like most of those who have been much about a Court, the mistress of Lambeth Palace is possessed of that gracious tactfulness which should be the first virtue prayed for by the wife of any public man. As is the case with her husband, she is never so happy as when very busy, and at one time, when Dr. Temple was suffering with his eyesight, she acted as his private secretary, and, in order to make herself more useful to him, mastered the typewriter.

The Archbishop's teetotal crusade has provided the world with some good stories. When Bishop of London, Dr. Temple was entertaining a number of young men who were just about to be ordained by him. To make the time pass pleasantly after dinner, his Lordship invented a new parlour-game. "I will go into my study and lie down," he explained, "and then you must come in, one by one, and address me as you intend to do your future parishioners when paying a sick call." To the intense horror of his young friends, their host suited the action to the word and disappeared, leaving his guests in a considerable state of perturbation. The minutes passed slowly by, and presently the Archbishop's voice was heard severely asking, "Are you going to keep me here all night?" Accordingly, lots were cast, and the die fell on a young Ulsterman. Entering the adjoining study with an assured step, and advancing to the sofa, he shook his head sadly, and observed, "Ah, Frederick, Frederick! so it's the dhrink again—the dhrink again!" Then, sighing heavily, he retired. According to the sequel, the Bishop then found it was time for the whole party to adjourn to the drawing-room.

It has often been told, as an example of the Archbishop's dry humour, that a popular Dissenting minister, meeting Dr. Temple in a crowded assembly, suddenly put to him the question, "Do you suppose that if St. Paul were living now he would reside at Fulham Palace?" The Bishop, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "No, my friend—at Lambeth."

In personal appearance there can hardly be a greater contrast than that between the courtly Dr. Benson and his successor. Both were very fine-looking men, but a recent visitor to Lambeth Palace is reported to have said of Dr. Temple, "He looks as if he were rough-hewn out of Aberdeenshire marble."

In 1900 the Archbishop of Canterbury will enter upon his eightieth year, but he retains—thanks, as he himself believes, to a long life of abstinence from any kind of spirituous liquor—an extraordinary vigour of bearing and of mind. Notwithstanding the fact that his voice is rather against him, for it is somewhat veiled and raucous, he is a fine, because an earnest, preacher, his hearers always feeling, what is not the case with all great orators, that his words come directly from his mind, and are uttered with a distinct purpose.

Whether he will attain the wide popularity so often yielded to great men when they reach extreme old age remains to be seen, but probably to the end there will be found many who will silently echo the words of the witty parson who exclaimed, after an interview with the Archbishop, "There are no polished corners to our Temple."



CAPTAIN DREYFUS AND HIS CHILDREN: TAKEN IN THE GARDEN OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW AT CARPENTRAS. THE GALLANT CAPTAIN, NO LESS THAN "THE SKETCH," WILL WISH EVERY SUCCESS TO THE FORTHCOMING PARIS EXHIBITION.

AN OLD SHOOTING-BOX.

It lies in a shallow depression of the land, and has no neighbours. On the uplands to the north and west one sees a red-tiled cottage and the hay-ricks of a prosperous farm; on the south and east the gaze is lost among the fields. In forgotten days of Good Queen Bess, some sturdy yeoman built the house with strong oak beams, and roofed it with the red tiles of Lancashire. He built by the side of a river long since dried up, and surrounded the building with a moat—wise protection in those turbulent times, when all the natives of the place had visions of murderous Spaniards coming suddenly from the sea to take revenge with fire and sword for the lately ruined Armada. As the years passed and the tiny river that fed the moat dwindled and at last forsook its bed, the moat grew lower and lower on the far side; thick shrubs and bushes sprang up in its bed, yielding splendid cover for the moor-hens and other tamer water-fowl; elm, willow, and beech that grew upon the borders drew the shallow water up with thirsty roots and spread luxuriantly, careless of each other's rights, until at last they fenced the house on three sides with a stately barrier of lightest leaf in early spring, a dense thicket of greenery in the months when the sun made all shade precious, and a gaunt patch of dried wood, brightened here and there by ivy and evergreens, in the desolate winter-time.

Local history speaks of some generations of farmers who held the house and wrestled with the hard, unyielding land, meeting a variable measure of success; failure was not unknown, and tradition asserts that one of the erstwhile owners, being in despair of a kind happily uncommon, hanged himself. But if the land did not yield her produce without hard travail, there must have been moments when the owners were filled with a keen joy that no money can make and no poverty mar. In the spring-time, when the old apple- and pear-trees bloom and the



AN OLD SHOOTING-BOX.

horse-chestnut puts forward its rarest tints; in the very early summer, when the nightingale sings ceaselessly through the long twilight and the early hours of day, when the grass grows long in the meadows, and the uplands glow with the tender green of the corn—in these seasons that came to gladden our forefathers as surely as they will come to make our descendants happy, there must have been hours when the most prosaic farmers thought of something other than their pockets. If the day has its delights, the night is splendid too. Birds and beasts do not fear the little house beyond the moat; it lies so far from road or village, is so remotely set in meadow-lands, they ignore it altogether. Cross the moat by the garden-edge towards the field that fringes the ditch where once a river ran, and you are privileged to share the attractions of the place with fur and feather. The brown owl sails heavily past, intent upon finding a supper in the nearest stack; fox calls lovingly to vixen through the silence of the spring night; blackbird, wood-lark, and nightingale were rivals as the evening set in. Partridges cry and rabbits frisk, and great grey hares pass through the fields. Anon, the despairing scream of a rabbit pursued by a stoat reminds you that there would be cruelty in the land did never a sportsman come there.

Winter has its charms, though of a different sort. Then the low, heavily beamed rooms are brightly lit as the guns come in at dusk and the spoils are inspected and discussed. Outside, the mists are creeping over the land, but, if there be yet light in the evening sky, it may be well to stand by the distant outhouse, for the wild ducks will be passing out from the land, and fly low when there is frost in the air. The sea is not far away, and the keen breezes that blow across the fields are laden with the fragrance of the salt-water. When the storms rage, and the roads are hard to pass, and the moat is full to overflowing, there is a chance of wildfowling from the garden-gate, and, even though the weather seal up the doors for a day, shall there not be some comfort in this simple little Paradise, that seldom lacks a daughter of Eve among its sojourners? Though the postman calls but six times in the week, and newspapers are three miles away and neighbours unknown, there are few hours that rest heavily upon the Shooting-Box.

S. L. B.

“AU REVOIR” TO ARTHUR ROBERTS

Finding that the popular droll, Arthur Roberts, was about to quit his beloved London and travel with a new play, at least for some months, I took occasion to call on this friend of my boyhood's days, with a view to giving him *The Sketch's* benediction and *bon voyage*.

To pounce upon him was the work of a moment. To endeavour to get him to listen to my more or less honeyed accents looked like taking at least until the Eccentric closed at its usual time, namely, 4 a.m., which hour, together with its opening one—twelve noon—are the only hours allowed to figure upon any Eccentric Club clock-face.

Finding that there were indications of a long linguistic evening looming ahead, I silently withdrew. But next morning betimes I was on my unsuspecting victim's track, and anon, finding that he was due at the Opéra-Comique to rehearse his new play, I secreted myself near that “T-piece” lighted stage. In something less than two hours after the time of the rehearsal “call,” Mr. Roberts jauntily stepped upon the stage, sweetly apologising for being “a few minutes late.”

Watching an opportunity of dropping upon the now English-garbed grotesque, I could not help saying to him, “Why, Arthur, you look more like John Hare than ever!”

“Yes,” quoth he (*aside*), “that's why I have come next door to him to rehearse, and am arranging to change my name to Arthur Rabbits!”

Repressing a natural feeling of indignation at this unwarrantable frivolity in connection with his esteemed neighbour engaged in nightly assisting to deliver at St. George's the Rev. Mr. Pinero's latest Moral Sermon, I proceeded to note the new play which Messrs. Roberts and Co. had been “called” by Mr. Stage-Manager Paul Berton to rehearse.

I found this play to be a three-act farcical comedy, with a few songs for Roberts. The piece has been adapted by that skilful adapter and producer, Mr. J. T. Tanner, from a Viennese comic opera. It was soon patent, however, that the adapter had, for the purposes of the English stage (and its English Arthur), wandered far from the original. In the first place, the leading male character has been changed from an elderly Benedict to a young bridegroom. This newly married man is quite unsuspectingly lured by some of his former “dear, darling boy” friends to a midnight revel, where he is speedily mixed up in all sorts of alarms and excursions, plus a continuous dread of detection. Yea, even although he fearsomely adopts sundry disguises, including that of a dense waiter, in whose garb the unhappy young and harmless bridegroom is made to sing and dance whether he would or no.

However the piece may be received, not only on its tour (just started, under the business management of Mr. Eugene C. Stafford), but also in London, where it is due about mistletoe-time, one thing was clearly seen, even at rehearsals, namely, that it is full of funny situations, which are often served up with funny lines.

To aid and abet him in his fautes and gestes as the above-mentioned bridegroom, Richard Currie by name, Mr. Roberts has secured perhaps the best company he has yet engaged. His fellow-players include the ever-quaint Miss M. A. Victor, who, from the time she was at the old Grecian Theatre, in the City Road, down to the present, has, perhaps, been responsible for a larger amount of honest mirth than any other actress that can be named. This genial humorist's impersonation of Mrs. Davenport Long, in Mr. Tanner's play, promises, for comicality, to run Mr. Roberts very close. But he doesn't seem to mind that. It was evident, also, that droll pieces of acting may be expected from Mr. W. S. Parkes as Wimwick, Mr. Arnold Lucy as Frantz, funny little Mr. H. O. Clarey as Dupless, and comical big Mr. Fritz Rimmer as a fire-eating General named Sauerkof. In addition to all these favourites, that excellent comédienne Miss Pattie Browne (much missed in England during her recent Australian engagements) has been cast for a very flighty hand-maiden named Kitty. Moreover, the cast is further strengthened by the engagement of Miss Frances Brooke as the innocent Midnight Reveller's bride, and of Miss Carlotta Zerbini as that Reveller's stern and unbending mother-in-law.

When I left the Rollicking Roberts, he was again in a state of considerable excitement, partly on account of remembering certain strange adventures which (I gathered) had occurred to him up in Caledonia stern and wild; where, it appears, he was often annoyed by being offered a pinch of snuff from a box which proved to be a secret spirit-flask—and partly because a certain provincial and suburban playwright, Mr. Walter Summers to wit, had just claimed the title which had been selected for the above-described farcical comedy of Mr. Tanner's, namely, “One of the Boys.” Anon, another claimant appeared paragraphically upon the scene, namely, Mr. Wal Pink, who had some time ago prepared a sketch of the same name for that popular low-comedian of the music-halls, Mr. Joseph Elvin. Out of sympathy with the eccentric Arthur, we all started in assisting him in title-tracking. In due course the names suggested totted up to something like the following list: “Dear Boys,” “The Best of the Boys,” “Boys will be Boys,” “On the Spree,” “After the Ball,” “A Midnight Revel,” “One of Us,” “The Razzle-Dazzle,” “Naughty Boys,” and “Currie's Worries.” At last the title-trackers selected “On the Move”—and at the time of going to press that is the name the play will tour under. But, after all, the play's the thing, and I fancy that the way in which the said Currie eventually gets out of the said worries will be likely to astonish as well as to amuse Mr. Roberts's multitudinous patrons both “on the road” and in London Town.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS, WITH HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL SMILE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LASCELLES, FITZROY STREET, W.

HOW THE GOLD IS MINED AT JOHANNESBURG.

The recent action of the Boers in taking possession of one of the greatest gold-mines at Johannesburg, namely, the Ferreira, with the idea of working it for themselves, must have astonished those who know anything of the intricacy and vast magnitude of the operations of the mines on the Rand, and it is small wonder that the ignorant Boer, who knows as much of mining as the proverbial pig of snipe-shooting, has made a virtue of necessity, and handed it back again. For the Johannesburg



FERREIRA GOLD-MILL AND ROBINSON GOLD-MINE, BEYOND JOHANNESBURG.

gold-mines are not places where all that one has to do is to simply walk in and pick up nuggets. Gold there is in plenty—in fact, the district's claim to be the "World's Greatest Goldfield" is beyond all chance of disputation—but the gold is in microscopical quantities, hidden in hard rock, and requires the vast wealth and many hands of large companies to bring out at a profit.

To equip some of these mines ready for getting out gold and paying dividends, as much as £600,000 has sometimes to be laid out before a property is ready to pay one shilling of profits. What they can do, however, when once in going order is proved by the fact that dividends of from *one hundred to three hundred per cent. per annum* are in ordinary times by no means unknown, and, as in the case of the Ferreira, though the £1 shares could recently only be purchased at about twenty-five times that figure, they even then yielded a fair return on the purchase-price. Every month until the recent disturbances the mines of this veritable El Dorado were turning out at least a million pounds sterling value, and yet the greatest mining authority in the world has declared—and there is reason to think he has under-stated rather than over-stated it—that there is from three hundred to five hundred millions of gold still left capable of being mined at a profit, even under the present unfavourable auspices of bad government, dear dynamite, and the great cost of living.

The views given of one of the shaft-heads of the Ferreira Mine and the outside of its gold stamp-mill convey a very typical idea of the long line of the Main Reef, which passes through the southern portion of Johannesburg and extends in a practically unbroken succession of batteries, miners' quarters, and shaft-heads for about fifteen miles on each side of it. A visit to one of these mines is a liberal education in what the co-operation of capital, brains, and labour can accomplish.

In the most recently equipped mines, you find air-compressors driving long drills about an inch thick, with a steady "jig-jig," into the hard rock; but in many the old-fashioned way of one Kaffir holding a drill while the other bangs it on the head with an enormous hammer is still followed. When three holes, about two feet apart, have been made in this way, dynamite is put in them, fuses are lighted, all retire, and when the deadly, poisonous fumes have cleared off after the explosion, the dislodged ore is loaded into trucks, which are pushed to the shaft, picked up in the skips, and whirled high above the surface, where they are tipped over into huge ore-bins, which discharge their contents into other trucks waiting underneath to convey the ore into the battery-house.

These batteries, or mills, where the ore is crushed up and the gold extracted, are indeed wonderful places. Their cost often runs into five or six figures, and in the old days, before the

railway, the transport alone by waggon of a mill for the Langlaagte Gold-Mining Company (for which, by the way, three hundred waggons and something like five thousand oxen were employed) was over £10,000. Enter the building, and you are deaf and dumb in the speech-destroying, all-conquering roar of the mighty stamps, each weighing a thousand pounds, as they reduce to liquid mud the ore and water with which they are fed day and night.

This mud flows out in a stream, of the consistency and appearance of thin gruel, through sieving in front of the stamp-boxes, over the long sloping plates which will be noticed at the foot of the picture

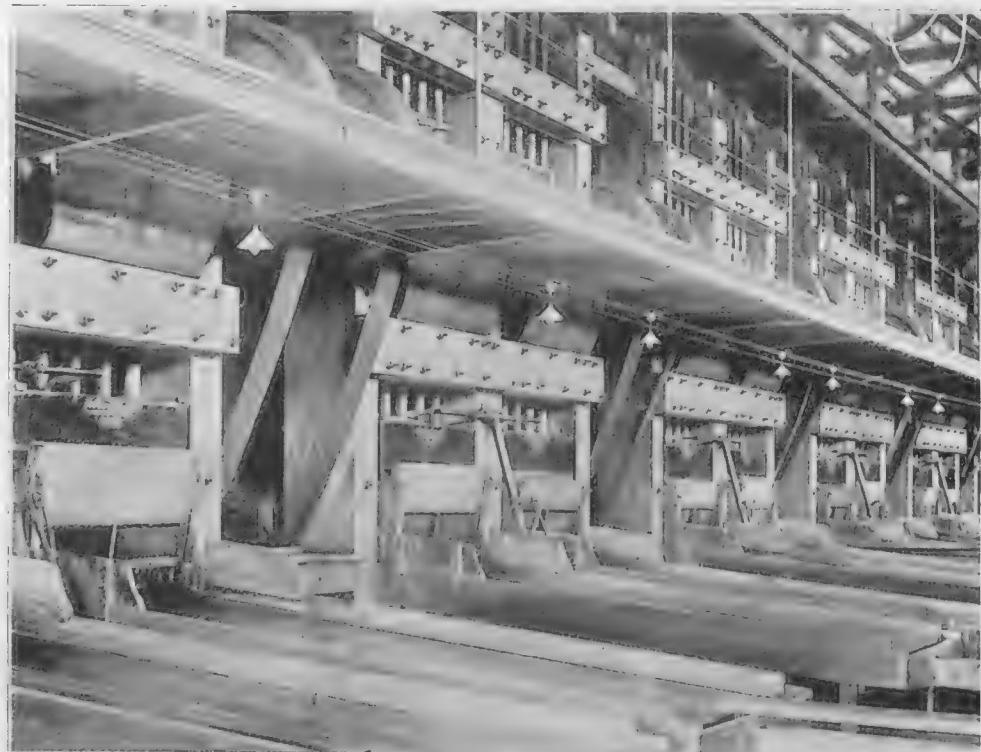
of the interior of a battery. These plates are of copper, covered with mercury, which latter metal seizes on the free-gold particles and converts them into the same sort of "amalgam" which the dentist uses for stopping teeth, while it lets the residue flow away for further treatment by the cyanide process.

Having got your gold into the amalgam, the next process is to get it out again. Once or twice a month the mill is stopped, the plates are scraped, and the amalgam placed in a heated retort at the assay office, which vaporises off and then re-condenses the mercury for future use, while leaving the gold to be smelted up into bars like the one on the table in the photograph given on the opposite page of the Ferreira's Assay Office.

This bar, though only about two inches longer than an ordinary brick, weighed over a thousand ounces, which in gold sterling represents about £4000. Each mine has its Assay Office, with its own staff of assayers, in order to continually test the value of the ore as it is taken out, to know precisely the quality of the stuff going into the mill. To do this, and from a sample pound-weight of ore to discover to a fraction the number of pennyweights of gold to the ton of rock—for it must be remembered that even the richest Johannesburg

mines seldom return more than an ounce of gold to the ton—*instruments of the most marvellous fineness and accuracy* have to be employed. Scales, such as the ones to be seen in the glass case, are adjusted to detect differences up to the *ten-thousandth part of a grain*. The assayer will weigh for you a tiny slip of paper, and, after he has adjusted the scale to balance exactly, will ask you to pencil your name on it. On again putting the paper into the scale, the extra weight of the lead-pencil marks at once upsets the balance!

It may be asked, what becomes of the enormous bulk of crushed ore? Before being allowed to flow into the tailings heaps, which are rapidly forming young mountains round Johannesburg, the stuff is subjected to the further treatment of the cyanide process, which consists in soaking these tailings in a weak solution of cyanide of potassium, contained in huge vats. Here any remaining gold which, owing to its chemical association with iron pyrites, sulphur, &c., has not been attracted by the mercury on the battery-plates, is dissolved, to be precipitated, by being brought into contact with zinc shavings, into a black powder, which is afterwards smelted into bars of the precious metal.



INTERIOR OF A JOHANNESBURG GOLD STAMP-MILL, IN WHICH THE ORE IS CRUSHED AND THE GOLD EXTRACTED.



THE FERREIRA MINE, JOHANNESBURG, SEIZED AND THEN RESTORED BY THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT.



ASSAY OFFICE OF THE FERREIRA MINE, SHOWING 1000-OZ. BAR OF PURE GOLD.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEVILLE J. EDWARDS.

“A TOUGH WORLD.”



DOT (*aged six*): Mamma, if I get married, will I have to have a husband like Papa?

MAMMA: Yes.

DOT: And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Martha?

MAMMA: Yes.

DOT (*after a pause*): Mamma, it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Many an earnest playgoer and well-wisher to expensive and conscientious enterprise will regret to learn that Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Louis Napoleon Parker's new play, "Man and his Makers," finished its run at the Lyceum last night (Tuesday), after about a dozen performances, including matinées. This signal failure is one that need cause no shame to its able authors. Although, strangely enough for a play in which Mr. Barrett is concerned, its construction was defective, yet "Man and his Makers" not only had many beautiful lines, poetic and otherwise, but it also sought to inculcate a creed that is becoming more and more necessary in order to fight life's battle in these days, namely, the creed of Faith, Hope, and Charity, as opposed to the terrible creed of Callousness, Hopelessness, and Despair. This being thus, it will be pleasing to some to learn that Messrs. Barrett and Parker intend to reconstruct this, at present, ill-fated drama one of these days. In the meantime, pending a new play nearly ready, Mr. Wilson Barrett will revive at the Lyceum to-morrow (Thursday) his phenomenally successful tragedy, "The Sign of the Cross."

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new adaptation from Dumas' "The Black Tulip," which was to have been produced by Messrs. Harrison and Maude at the Haymarket next Saturday night, has had to be postponed till the following Saturday, owing to the illness of Mr. Cyril Maude, who, while touring with his popular wife, Miss Winifred Emery, in "The Little Minister," was attacked by that irritating complaint, the shingles. At the time of writing, however, Mr. Maude is happily improving. He and Miss Emery and Mr. Harrison have fine parts in "The Black Tulip."

Those disappointed by the postponement of the just-named historical play may find some consolation in this connection by examining a historical drama of a later period, a play being acted at the Theatre Royal in the ancient Angel Lane, Stratford, this week. It is entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte." British patriots will find many sentiments to their liking in this play, the four acts of which are respectively labelled "Twixt Love and Duty," "The Hand of the Assassin," "The Sword of Hate," and "The Doom of Destiny," the whole concluding with an impressive tableau showing Napoleon safely eaged at St. Helena.

Speaking of war-plays, two others call for some attention. The first, entitled "On Active Service," is the work of Mr. Herbert Leonard, and is to be produced at the Surrey Theatre next Monday. Its principal scenes will represent Waterloo Station (with the departure of troops and tars), a Prison-Ship, a Sailors' Garden, the Deck of a Man-o'-War, a Transport-Ship, a Cataract on the Nile, a Nile Gunboat, and a Battle, in the conduct of which the wonders of Wireless Telegraphy will be shown.

The other war-play that has come under my notice is a somewhat curious "unfinished drama" written by Howard Swan and published by Samuel Baxter, of Paternoster Row. It is entitled "Paul and Joseph; or, God and Mammon in the Transvaal." Many of the scenes are principally occupied by the prayers of Mr. Kruger.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his embarkation arrangements, Sir Henry found time to cross the Mersey to Seacombe last Wednesday in order to lay the memorial-stone of the theatre which is to be named after him in this growing suburb between Birkenhead and contrived to find occasion to thoroughly examine this new Irving Theatre, and found that it promises to be a very remarkable building, although a cheap-priced house. For example, it is really a theatre not only isolated from the street, but

also isolated from its own outer walls, and, therefore, additionally safe. *The Sketch* has arranged for full details and pictures of this daring enterprise of the long-popular Liverpool manager, Mr. James Kiernan, when the building is a little further advanced. Sir Henry, Miss Terry, and all concerned in the memorial-stone celebration had a splendid reception from the local magnates and the ditto populace.

Next Saturday is still the date (at the time of writing) for Mr. George Edwardes's production of Messrs. E. A. Morton and Sidney Jones's new Chinese musical play, "San Toy," at Daly's. Last Monday, however, a new and very Chinese play, written by Mr. George Dance, and composed by Mr. Howard Talbot, was tested at the Theatre Royal, Hanley, prior to coming to the West-End forthwith. The piece is entitled "A Chinese Honeymoon," and its scenery, as sampled by me, is run on willow-pattern-plate lines, and looks very pretty.

Mr. Scott-Buist, who has taken a short lease of Terry's, now proposes to produce Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's new play there on the 28th inst., the same date as chosen for the production of "The Black Tulip," at the Haymarket.

Mr. Grundy's other play, "The Degenerates," duly removed to the Garrick on Monday, when Mr. Hawtrey's character was undertaken by Mr. Fred Kerr, and Mr. Gottschalk's by Mr. Herman De Lange. Mr. Hawtrey returns to the Avenue to produce anon, in partnership with Miss Granville, the new American play already announced in *The Sketch*.

Among new plays to be expected ere long at the West-End are Mr. Israel Zangwill's romantic Hebrew drama, "The Children of the Ghetto," at the Adelphi (whereunto drama, "Hearts are Trumps," is to be transferred near Christmas-time), and Messrs. Sims and Corri's new musical play, "In Gay Piccadilly," just successfully produced, with Mr. Dan Leno in the chief part, at Glasgow.

Messrs. Moss and Stoll have made a good choice in securing the services of Mr. Henry W. Garrick as Press-manager for the London Hippodrome, Leicester Square. Mr. Garrick hails from Earl's Court, where for three years he has efficiently assisted Mr. Austin Brereton in looking after the Press arrangements. Prior to this, he was with Mr. Clement Scott for a number of years.

To the small number of valuable one-act plays may be added "The Sacrament of Judas," translated by Mr. L. N. Parker from a French piece by M. Tiercelin. Vivid, picturesque, powerful, and tragic are terms that may be applied truly to this addition to an already charming programme at the Prince of Wales's. Mrs. Pat Campbell looks delightful in a Breton costume, and plays admirably. In some ways, the Jules Bernez is one of the finest performances of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who, as the apostate priest, the exercise by whom of priestly office is the "Sacrament of Judas," gives a splendid portrayal of character in dealing with a really poetic person. Mr. Ivan Watson acted cleverly as an old farmer, and some praise is due to Mr. Bromley Davenport.

The Tivoli Music-Hall is going very strong just now, for the programme is full of "plums" of fine quality and novelty. Miss Zelma Rawlston, an American lady, recently made her début at the Tivoli and her first bow to an English audience; I say "bow" advisedly, as Miss Rawlston sings her songs attired in male habiliments, which show off a very nice figure, while her good-natured face and refined gesture at once prepossessed the crowded house. She has not a very strong voice, but it is decidedly pleasing. Miss Rawlston's tailor may be congratulated on the fit of a frock-suit, a yachting-costume, and an evening-suit—in fact, as her song says, she looked "just like a man," and very well-turned-out too.



MR. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, LESSEE OF THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS ZELMA RAWLSTON.

Photo by Obermuller and Son, New York

New Brighton. The present writer thoroughly examined this new Irving Theatre, and found that it promises to be a very remarkable building, although a cheap-priced house. For example, it is really a theatre not only isolated from the street, but



MISS ZELMA RAWLSTON'S TWENTY-FOUR-TOED CAT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Arthur Morrison has taken a holiday from "mean streets" in his latest book, though it is called "In London Town" (Methuen), and the scene is not laid in the West-End. He tells us in a prefatory note that he designed the story, and began to write it, between the publication of his first book and "A Child of the Jago," and meant it to be read with those, because the three are complementary. He does not pretend to give a complete picture of life in the East of London; but he will certainly, by aid of this new one, gain credit for a finer balance of mind and eye, and a saner, more comprehensive view of life. There are harsh and ugly pages, for Mr. Morrison has not turned sentimental; but, taking one part with another, it is an idyll; and it begins idyllically in Epping Forest. May, the old postman turned naturalist, is a delightful figure—gentle, unworldly, gratefully wondering at the good-fortune that has let him spend the evening of his life among the living things of the woods, yet with the sense of melancholy over him, too, for a world passing away, regret for a time when the forest was quiet and undisturbed, and did not hear the roar of London. "For London grew and grew, and washed nearer and still nearer its scummy edge of barren brickbats and clinkers. It had passed Stratford long since, and had nearly reached Leyton. And though Leyton was eight miles off, still the advancing town sent something before it—an odour, and subtle principle—that drove off the butterflies."

When he falls down the pit and comes to his end, he maunders of his old rounds with the bag and his long searches for the creatures of the forest—his whole life. "London's a-drivin' the butterflies out o' my round, out o' my round, an' butterflies can't live near it." And, unrestful amid the quiet, at his elbow is his young grandson, fretting his heart out for the great city, where men live and work in crowds, and where they *make* things. The book is mainly the story of this lad, a well-conditioned, manly fellow, who gets his heart's desire to *make* things in one of the big engine-shops of East London, and who, amid sordid enough surroundings, keeps the romance of his life as clean as it could be in the most Arcadian circumstances. It is a tale with grit in it, that extracts poetry out of hard and unlovely facts. But its best claim to distinction is not as a tale at all. Its series of suggestive character-sketches are more delicate in workmanship than anything we have before received from his pen. The photographic brutality of the "Tales of Mean Streets" is modified by a reflective and emotional mood, in which there is no weakness, no evident desire to slur over realities.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has given a wonderfully vivid description of the War of Liberation in Italy in his story, "For Freedom" (Chatto). I saw it in a new edition, by the way, but the book should be better known. A young Englishman, mild as milk in his own country, a model squire, and with no apparent love of adventure, is inspired by his lady-love, a mere cousin, to fight under Garibaldi. Of course, he proves himself bold as a lion, magnificently generous, and what the liberating army would have done without him it is melancholy but quite useless to think of. He rescues and protects a young and beautiful Garibaldian heroine, and his cousin inspirer is put out of her reckoning and her nose out of joint. The fiery young champions of freedom finally retire in a mist of glory and gratitude to a little Arcadia in Devonshire, with a poetic church-steeple and churchyard and his ancestors' graves, and there they coo and murmur in unison with the doves and the bees and the cows all round them. As a matter of fact, nobody cares a rap about one or the other. But the war-scenes are really good. Palermo and Naples under the bad old régime of Bomba and under the hopeful leadership of Garibaldi are described with vigour and vividness, and the life of a volunteer can be admirably realised. Of course, when the historical personages come on the stage they are disappointing; but even that is true to real life.

A mild introduction to the question of women's emancipation is to be had in Miss Alix King's "The Little Novice" (Cassell). It can shock nobody. It is endlessly apologetic and explanatory of the fact that its heroine, first destined to be a nun, became a doctor of medicine. It hedges her in from criticism by every virtue and every grace. She is beautiful; she is saintly; she is accomplished; and, then, she has the fine excuse for her audacious career that it was not chosen merely as a profession, but in answer to the appeal of a dying sister, who was dissatisfied with the treatment allotted to women patients in hospitals. Then, to crown it all, she married. The timorous-minded who need a deal of persuasion may be convinced by means of "The Little Novice" that in the rare case of a woman being specially gifted in morals and intellect, of having all the gifts and graces of both sexes, she might conceivably be something less than a monster in embarking on a professional career. And that is a good deal, for the world still jogs on slowly.

Something of the same kind of temper is to be found in a bolder book, by Miss Ella Napier Lefroy, entitled "The Man's Cause" (Lane), which is a rather belated specimen of the Sarah Grand order of novel. The gospel is the same, but the expression is cruder, or rather, more elementary. The preacher is again a paragon—selfish, magnanimous, large-hearted, enormous-brained, beautiful, elegant, well-dressed, cheerful, and witty—when she is not in our company. That such Admirable Crichtons should be chosen by novelists to fill the rôle of reformers has a most depressing effect on their readers. The rest of us, with one virtue, or may-be two, incomplete in our talents and graces, would seem to have so poor a chance of regenerating our little corner of the world. We are made nervous lest even a failure in neck-ties or a

slip into the fashion of last year's skirts might work havoc in the cause dearest to our soul. As reward for her career of benevolence, Miss Lefroy's heroine marries an eminent novelist and essayist, whom she has inspired to higher things. Writing-folks may doubt whether he was entirely fortunate. Of course, an active-minded woman by profession a benevolent meddler wouldn't let his literary business alone. She finds titles for him. One of them, "The Glory of Going On," she is specially proud of. What a terrific test of love to accept that! But the book is high-minded, and, if its characters were made of flesh and blood, it would even be a serious one.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The British public has lately been grievously disappointed of its expectations in three important matters. The Boers did not cross the frontier when they were expected, and when it was obviously their best hope, from a military point of view, to do so; race after race between the two picked yachts of East and West was a failure; and, thirdly, the first number of the *Speaker* under new management has come out. And the last is to many of us the worst disappointment of the three. We knew that Boer strategy would not be of the best; we had heard that the winds about Sandy Hook were perverse and baffling; but we did not think that the *Speaker* was going to be duller than before.

When we heard that the weekly organ of Liberalism was to pass into the hands of certain young Oxford men, we hoped for brightness and humour and epigram. Remembering the excellent wit scattered over old *Oxford Magazines*, we looked for a daring gaiety of assault on official Conservatism—something after the style of an educated Labouchere. The stodgy weekly we have always with us. It lies in all its virgin virtue on the tables of every Club. Nor does it matter whether it is Liberal or Conservative, Home Ruler or Unionist. All parties reverence it and hold it sacred—so sacred that it is death, or, at least, sleep, to open a copy. The mere addition of one more block of solid and stolid journalism to the mass already existing is foredoomed to failure; far from welcoming any new "heavy" paper, we could well spare what we already have in that line. It is no disrespect to the *Speaker* to say that, in the main, it was stodgy. Two redeeming features it had—the dramatic criticisms of Mr. Walkley, and the Editor's diary of current events. The latter, indeed, could hardly be called lively; it was always undistinguished in style, and occasionally querulous, and throughout it was provincial. Its humour (when any) was rather a Leeds Mercuriality. Still, it was personal, and therefore interesting; it gave us a point of view. Both these gleams are now extinguished. Fresh initials replace "A. B. W." as the critic's signature, and the diary has disappeared.

The heavy articles are perhaps somewhat better than before, but they are not less heavy. Rather, if they are less querulous, they are more wearisome. The Provincial has given place to the Prig. There are Oxford men and Oxford men; all are alike journalists, actual or possible; but all do not write so that any large number of persons will care to read what they have written. And Oxford men, whether they can write or not, have too often the fatal fault of earnestness. They are apt to take themselves seriously at an early age, and do not always recover from the disease. It is remarkable that religious movements have a way of starting from Oxford. The men who engage in religious movements may be, and, indeed, generally are, highly moral and estimable people; but rarely have they a sense of humour.

And the young Oxford Liberals who now guide the *Speaker* are earnest men. They joke-not themselves, nor do they encourage joking. Their "humorous" skit upon the patriotic temper of Mr. Rudyard Kipling was portentously ineffective. In foreign policy, they mumbled the dry cries of Little England over again; there was no novelty, no stir, little conviction; only the usual stale girds at Mr. Chamberlain. The fact is that youth in England is the most Conservative period of life. Our middle-aged men are Whiggish; our aged men raging revolutionaries, for the most part. But, for the red-tape of Radicalism, commend us to the younger men.

This is an age where personality counts for much, and personalities for something. The days of "We" and "Our intelligent contemporary" are vanishing away. People want to feel a man behind the journal. In this case they want to catch the *Speaker's* "I." Why is *Truth* a paying property? It is all Mr. Labouchere's "I." [The sparkling *Truth* is not quite all Mr. Labouchere's "I" now.—Ed.] And novelty counts for more than personality. To live, a journal must have a speciality, or an old-established connection.

There ought not to be any difficulty in organising a really representative weekly organ of Liberalism. The present or any Government has plenty of weak points; let them be exposed, but with humour, and without exaggeration. And let a few Cambridge men be admitted to help the Oxford Liberals. Cambridge kills zeal as Oxford generates it. The two attitudes of mind correct each other, and both are necessary to an organ of opinion. Hitherto Cambridge talent (excepting Schreiner of Downing) has been devoted to skittish Conservative principles. But there is no reason in the nature of things why this should be. Next to the berth of a Radical peer, I should like the position of a Radical poet.

MARMITON.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up : Wednesday, Oct. 18, 6 ; Thursday, 5.58 ; Friday, 5.56 ; Saturday, 5.54 ; Sunday, 5.52 ; Monday, 5.49 ; Tuesday, 5.47.

One of the advantages of going for a little tour abroad is that when you return the beauty of your own country strikes clear home. Living as much as I can in the open air, loving the smell of the October earth, and finding music in the drip of the dew from the tree-leaves, I am naturally of optimistic temperament. And really, when a man gets run down with work, and is jaded and dyspeptic, there is nothing on the face of this beautiful old earth to pump fresh, vigorous life in him like a brisk spin awheel when the air bites keen. I came back from the sunny regions of France with a shudder; the weather in England was dreary, foggy, asthmatic. Being a countryman, I love not London fog. But recently, when the mornings have been chill and blue-nosed and the London street studies in vague-outlined grey, it was wonderful where an hour on my bicycle would carry me. Many folks are stowing away their wheels for the winter months. I don't advise them. The roads near a town are bad in the short days, but, let the weather be fine, and the roads in the country will usually be found as good as in the long days. Besides, winter-riding is more exhilarating and healthier than summer-riding.

Well, this last week I have had some beautiful rides in the country. In the early morning, the thin mist that fondles the land makes the trees stand up like fairy islands in a wistful ocean. Yesterday, in Essex, I saw as pretty mist-effects—

with the sun showing like a globe of fire through the opaque haze—as ever I have seen in Japan. And, as one scuds along, it is pleasant to feel the hoary breath of the morning on one's cheek. The foliage—oh, the exquisite tints of the leaves just now! We wheel-peopple are often accused of caring nothing for scenery, nothing for the rights of other people; our habits are believed to be contemptible and our manners non-existent; and, as for taking an interest in the architectural quaintness of old churches or the historic associations of byway villages—why, the idea is absurd!

True, there are men whose chief delight in cycling is to tot up mileage. Those cyclometers have much to answer for. They are hardly ever accurate. It is ten to one that, if you start off this morning with a chum for a day's ride, and your cyclometers are level, there will be miles of difference ere nightfall. You have great faith in your own cyclometer, but a proportionate sureness that the other fellow's cyclometer lies. Then the cyclometer produces a bore that is abhorrent—the man who is always telling you how many miles he did yesterday before lunch, and how many he did last week, who produces a slim book from his breast-pocket and reads you his monthly totals during the year, and asks your help to work out his daily averages. When he meets a man whose average isn't as big as his own, he puts on airs; and then the second man, with malice in his heart, asks the first man how much he pays the boy to sit out in the back-yard twirling the front wheel, and so pushing up the mileage. No, I don't like cyclometers. I don't want to give other men an opportunity of crowing over me. I object to becoming a mere mileage accumulator.

But as to the beauty of the country just now! If you are a true wheeler—loving your wheel as Izaak Walton loved his fishing-rod—you will not vaseline your bicycle, enshroud it in a discarded piano-cover, and stow it away till spring comes again. You will get away into the lanes, dawdling along, and your eye will become enraptured with the exquisite loveliness of the warm autumnal tints. Yesterday, in my dandering through a part of Essex, it was delicious to dismount and sit on a gate and watch the change in tint among the trees. It was pleasant to fill one's pipe and have a long smoke in the silence of the morning. And when I had knocked off my—no, I won't say the distance—but when I had been riding for three hours, did ever ale taste so cool and refreshing as that tankard I got in a village inn?

Cyclists ought, of course, to obey the Ten Commandments the same as less distinguished people. A Teuton has, however, drawn up a special set of ten commandments for wheelmen. Here they are : " 1. Cast your eye over the nuts of your machine before starting out. 2. Clean the bicycle on your return. 3. Keep to the left. 4. Dress rationally and not like a doll. 5. Start early rather than late in the day. 6. Do not lose your head, and never your pedals, much less your temper. 7. When you ride downhill do not forget you have a brake. 8. Carry a repair outfit, and do not forget your lamp if you are likely to be detained after dark. 9. Learn to dismount on either side. 10. Take care no one steals your machine or your affections."

The bicycle in its time plays many parts. The most recent use to which it has been put has been to be ridden by a toreador in a bull-fight at Lisbon. It is recorded that the gentleman mounted his bicycle, and planted three banderillas in the bull's neck, amid the enthusiastic applause of the spectators. That indeed was a noble use to which to put our beloved wheel!

Nowhere is Anglomania more pronounced on the other side of the Channel than in the Paris music-hall. We are admitted to possess an unrivalled talent for excelling in this form of entertainment. Some of our minor "stars" are sure to be found, go into what music-hall you will, imperturbably warbling in choicest Cockney the ditties that have made them famous, and as sure as they warble (is "warble" the word?), so sure are they to be generously applauded. To meet the taste of the public, the versatile *ballerines* of Montmartre, who were yesterday Spanish

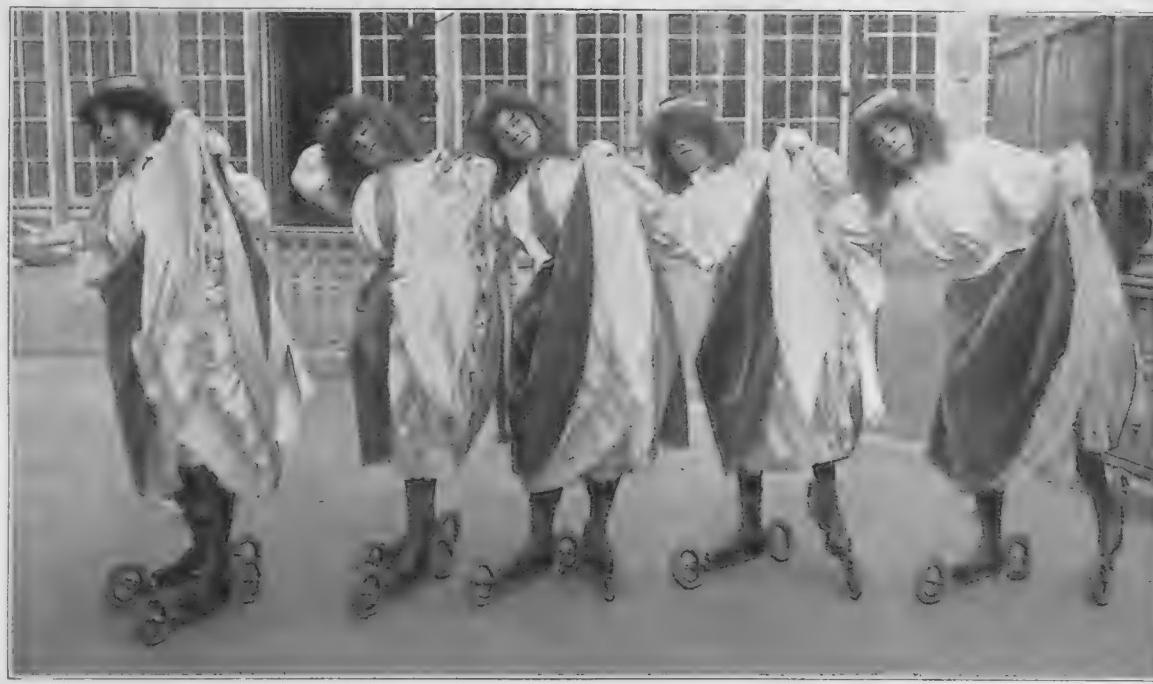
dancers, and the day before Belle Fatmabs, have transformed themselves into very creditable imitations of the Sisters Okay, and nightly perform the most wonderful feats in "bicycle-skating" before an attentive audience. The necessary flavour of Anglicism is held to be ensured by the flat caps which are poised on the ladies' heads.

But freak-cycling—riding down flights of stairs, or on the tops of high chimneys, or with trains as

pacers—has not made much progress in England. The gentlemen with eccentric minds are grown chiefly in America. One cycling-paper announces that one of these "freaks" "has been riding round the crater of Fuji, a more or less virulent volcano," and shows an anxiety to learn from what asylum he had escaped. From this paragraph you can draw an imaginative picture of the daring wheelman on the edge of a crater that discharges smoke and flame and hot ashes, and think of how he needs but one slight swerve to go down to Gehenna. This "more or less virulent volcano" has been extinct for two hundred years! Fuji-yama is flat on the top, and, if a cyclist cares to trundle his wheel to the summit, it would be rather a good place to have a spin. The view is magnificent, and he need be in no fear of the "virulence" of the volcano.

There is no doubt about the free-wheel "boom." The number of free-wheels one sees in the streets is daily becoming greater. Don't though for a moment imagine that the free-wheel has all the advantages the enthusiasts claim for it. There is not that great saving of energy that is declared. The only way to have a good test is on a level, and a bicycle will run no farther, after pedalling is stopped, than the remaining force of propulsion permits. The running of a free-wheel on a level is but exhaust energy. To get up speed again, you must produce more energy. The advantage, however, is that there is usually much waste energy riding an ordinary bicycle. You can get your machine converted into a free-wheel for two or three pounds. This has been done in many cases, but not, I must say, with very great success. The best thing, if you want a free-wheel, is to buy one out-and-out. Be sure to have two rim-brakes. Slowing up absolutely depends on brakes, for, of course, back-pedalling is useless. It has been suggested that, for winter-riding, it would be an improvement to have some sort of clutch fitted which would lock the "freedom" and permit of back-pedalling downhill when preferred. This is a good idea, because coasting is cold work in chilly weather, and it is well to have some work to do just to keep warm.

J. F. F.



BICYCLE-SKATING AT THE MOULIN ROUGE.

From a recent Paris Photograph.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

There are a few good races to be decided this week, and, without knowing anything of owners' intentions, I suggest that Jiffy II. has a good chance for the Mid-Weight Handicap at Gatwick; although it must not be forgotten that Innocence has won over the course. For the Northumberland Autumn Plate, at the Gosforth Park Meeting, I think

course, so as not to interfere in any way with the running-track. I commend the idea to Mr. Hwfa Williams.

The Royal Box at Sandown is one of the best-furnished of the lot; but, of course, for convenience it will not compare with the Royal Box at Ascot, with its luncheon-room and ladies' drawing-room. The Royal Box at Kempton Park is a substantial building. It is neatly furnished



THE CESAREWITCH WINNER: MR. R. A. OSWALD'S SCINTILLANT, BY SHEEN—SALTIRE, 3 YEARS.

Dermot Asthore has a big chance on paper. The danger may come from Gallia. The Sandown programme is filled with good things, but the winners at Esher should be hard to find. Satyrica has a fair chance for the Orleans Nursery, although nine stone is a big weight to carry up that punishing hill. Santoi will go close if started. The Sandown Autumn Handicap should go to Allesby, a smart-looking horse that finished fourth in the Duke of York Stakes. Royal Emblem and St. Gris may fight out the finish for the Foal Stakes. The Temple Handicap may be won by Gay Lothair, if the horse is worth keeping in training. On Saturday, the Handicap Hurdle Race may go to Bonnie Dundee, and the Handicap Steeplechase to Hobnob.

The Gatwick Enclosure is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, and now that the railway company have their arrangements completed, the meeting can be done either from London, Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, or Portsmouth, in ease and comfort. Captain Machell makes a perfect Club Manager, and I believe the members' list is a big one. Of course, when the railway line is continued to Redhill, the train accommodation for Club members will be very much improved, and I certainly do think that it should be possible to run special members' trains from Victoria as late as one o'clock, when the first race does not commence before two. This innovation would possibly be rather hard on the refreshment contractors on the racecourse, as visitors could lunch in town, but I am certain the racecourse company would benefit by the enterprise if it were carried out.

Sandown Park is always a great draw. Many men who are not sportsmen regularly pay their subscriptions to the Sandown Club simply for the benefit of enjoying a day's outing on the lovely Esher slopes. The scenery is perfect, the luncheon is good, and the sport, as a rule, is incomparable. If it were possible to get a better start for the five-furlong races, the course would be all that could be desired, but at present the sprints on this course are often delayed terribly before the red flag falls. I think, too, an electric tramway from the station to the Grand Stand would pay well—a similar one to that in use at the Alexandra Palace. Club members would not object to paying sixpence each for the ride, and the line could be built round the



THE CESAREWITCH SECOND: MR. W. WILSON'S ERCILDOUNE, BY KENDAL—MAID MARIAN, 3 YEARS.

in leather. The Sandown Box is furnished in plush. There is telephonic communication between the Royal Box at Sandown and Esher Station. This is a most convenient arrangement, and one that might easily be adopted at other meetings attended by the Prince of Wales. Then the Royal train need not be drawn up to the platform half-an-hour before it is wanted, as is often done now. There is no Royal Stand at Goodwood, as the Royal visitors generally occupy the Goodwood House Stand, a perfect structure, with a large luncheon-room. The Royal Stand at Lingfield is a pretty little structure, well appointed and well situated. A capital view of the racing can be seen from this stand.

It does not say much for the system of handicapping when penalised horses finish first and second in the Cesarewitch and immediately become favourites for the Cambridgeshire. On paper both Scintillant and Ercildoune certainly have a big chance of finishing in the first rank for the shorter handicap. Indeed, I thought Darling's colt had a lot in hand at the finish of the Duke of York Stakes, and he certainly ran like a game one in the Cesarewitch. We must not, however, overlook the fact that horses like Eager and General Peace are of a better class than some of those that ran in the Cesarewitch, and they must be reckoned with. Again, Oban, who is trained by Robinson, is said to be a rod in

pickle for this race, and Flambard may go one better than he did in the longer race, as it is said Lord Rosebery considers this to be a smart horse. Everything points to a very exciting race for the Cambridgeshire, and the winner may take a lot of finding.



THE CESAREWITCH FINISH AT NEWMARKET.

Mr. R. A. Oswald's SCINTILLANT, by Sheen—Saltire, 3 yrs., 6 st. 10 lb. (inc. 5 lb.) (car. 7 st.) (F. Wood), 1; Mr. W. Wilson's Ercildoune, 3 yrs., 7 st. 9 lb. (inc. 10 lb. ex.) (T. Loates), 2; Mr. A. Wagstaff's Mitcham, 3 yrs., 6 st. 6 lb. (Heapy), 3; Lord Rosebery's Flambard, 3 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb. (S. Loates), 4.

of rheumatism, and I have often wondered whether all the Press-rooms at the various race-meetings were kept well-ventilated and free from damp. We have an Inspector of Fences under National Hunt Rules. Why not an Inspector of Buildings under both sets of Rules? I contend that an official should be appointed to inspect all stands, Press-rooms, the offices used by telegraph operators, and even the luncheon-rooms, a day or two previous to the holding of a meeting, and, in the case of his report being unfavourable, the managers of the meeting should be heavily fined.

One or two of the racing reporters have periodical attacks

CAPTAIN COE

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The past week has been a distinctly homeward-bound one, judging from the number of bronzed, ruddy faces one meets wandering about this over-populated Village. Parliament summons, of course, a good many to their devoirs; but there are, besides, the late contingent who stay on with the powder and partridges to the last available day, and turn up in



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A HANDSOME SABLE CAPE.

their accustomed haunts only when driven birds clash with the driving circumstances that make Town once more the crux of their immediate moment. To women, of course, October always spells extreme activity in the wardrobe department, and the supreme matter of new clothes makes one's return to Town an occasion of not merely anticipated, but accomplished, satisfaction—which, by the way, very few much-anticipated situations turn out to be, whether the main issue be merely the choice of a fine day for a picnic or a partner in life. In either case, the atmosphere, meteorological or moral, has a trick of playing people false, whether it be the rain that drops into our wine or the husband that tumbles from his pedestal; but the solid satisfaction of a well-fitting new frock remains an abiding joy, and, failing other things, the solace of chiffons is really a more than merely considerable one.

The young American matron who sued for a divorce because her husband resisted visits to "New York City," on the plea that she could do her shopping just as well by post, has the sympathy of her entire sex. What would be left in life—or at certain intervals of it—were there no dressmakers to harry, no milliners to torment, no—? But here one must stop—I was forgetting that this is not a ladies' paper, and does not publish ravishing advertisements from corset-makers! Having named the name of this sacred subject, it may be, however, permitted to add that Englishwomen are still very far behind their French sisters in the particular devotion to this detail which every well-dressed daughter of Eve should accord it. We have, in the last twenty years—or, more correctly, fifteen—surmounted the subject of clothes and shaken the dust

of a classic reputation for dowdiness from our feet; but other things, to paraphrase the philosopher, are not equal, and in this one dainty detail aforesaid, by giving a merely casual attention to the subject, we miss the main point of many a successful question of costume and mar the best possibilities of a well-made gown.

Zola does not like our insular lines of beauty, and Zola really ought to know, having given the subject some contemplation from the literary aspect. I venture to think, however, that if we patronised the art of the corset as exploited by the great novelist's deft and sagacious country-women, there would be less left even for members of the French Academy to regret in our somewhat rigid outlines. Leaving form for the other great question, of colour, I find that the newest and most beautiful shade among the many new reds is now being re-baptised "Burgundy." It is our old friend automobile-red really, but perhaps a little brighter in tone. Certainly some of the new departures in crimson and cerise this season are more than lovely. A friend who is rejoicing in a new tea-gown done for her by a smart Paris dressmaker in a crêpe-de-Chine of Burgundy-red, touched up with string-coloured point d'esprit and cleverly applied black velvet, has a garment over which a husband of even two years' standing might wax admiring.

As a rule, men's interest in the clothes of their nearest and presumably dearest begins with the engagement and ends with the honeymoon. But, then, all women do not wear fifty-guinea tea-gowns. If they did, it might not ultimately prove so really reckless as it seems at the first blush either! But no more of this. Let us to clothes in the concrete, which now occupy so large a share in the public mind, seeing what a number of smart weddings the season has been ushered in with.



[Copyright.]

THE NEW SEAL CAPE.

For a forthcoming bride, amongst half-a-dozen dinner-dresses which are being prepared by the great apostle of chiffons, Worth, there is one in Nile-green satin which should have a particularly becoming result. The girl is a handsome brunette, and can carry off this exquisite colour with a grace which the ordinary blonde cannot hope to own. Large

shamrock-shaped applications of fine black Chantilly overlay the skirt and train, while a most charming effect is obtained by the silver-spangle-sewn half-tunic of fine black net, which, cut short in front, falls in long pouched draperies at both sides, and also at the back. Little revers of black velvet turn back from both sides of the white mousseline-fronted bodice. Pink Banksia roses form the shoulder-straps, and pointed draperies of real lace form apologies for the still absent sleeve.

As a rule, human nature is given to kick against the pricks of the inevitable, sometimes even when there are no particular prickles to gird at in the daily round beyond the mere fact that certain things must be necessarily accepted, whether acceptable or otherwise. When the inevitable takes the form of, say, a legacy or a diamond tiara from an indulgent *mari*, or any other pleasant thing that the gods may shake out of their laps on our perforce receptive heads, we are apt to be very calm under the infliction. On the other side of the question I do not find myself constrained to touch—it admits of such indefinite enlargement, and also because I began this overlong sentence by viewing the



[Copyright.]

THE POPULAR SEAL COAT.

sartorial aspect of things only, which lays down a rule, sure to be acceptable to every woman, on the question of fur, which is to be so very greatly worn this winter; more so, in fact, than it has been within the memory of this generation before.

The time has come to think of furs, too. These clear, slightly sharp days of late autumn are merely the precursors of winter's eager, nipping air, which will soon be upon us. In Paris, though as yet not here, sealskin seems to be the crux of all furry occasions. It is used up very much in combination with chinchilla and ermine, while few of the really best Paris-made fur cloaks, capes, pelerines, or otherwise are made without the addition of lace. Curious big boas of blue and silver fox-skin seem destined to a large measure of favour, and go more than merely well with trim-built tailor-mades. Great large granny-muffs are the only form of hand-shelter permissible to the well-dressed, the small sorts having entirely passed out of the mondaine's consideration, apparently. Broad-tail, trimmed with sable heads and tails, is a fashionable fusion of elements in this connection, and the new spangled velvets, trimmed with sable edgings or ermine, with tufts of real lace, are quite smart.

Evening-cloaks made entirely of broad-tail are in the list of garments most modish; they are lined with white or pale-coloured satin, and often further embellished with applications of other narrow furs done in such conventional scroll designs as the colour and closeness of the fur will lend itself to. Short boleros of broad-tail embroidered with spangles or silk are also in the list of last novelties; little jacquettes of the same charming skin, treated to wide revers and collar of white or other coloured plush; and, although the ever-useful sable cape does not come into the front rank of fashion, when built long, with the fur set in two

ways, and with scalloped edges and collar, the style marks it as of this year's creation.

I wish people would start costume-dinners at this side of the Seine, they add so undeniably to the gaiety of mere feeding-functions. One or two leading hostesses have, it is true, already adopted the notion, but only for a few big Season functions. Now, if a few socially well-placed experimental dinner-givers would domesticate the notion for winter gatherings, how immeasurably it would relieve the dull tedium of British banquets in the winter gloom which overhangs this island between October and May! One smart American woman, who is constitutionally receptive to new ideas, has been already moved by gentle pressure to send out cards for a costume-dinner early in November. The period chosen is the eighteenth century, and the number of guests will be eighteen; another half-arranged banquet is to be dressed *à la* village wedding of the Watteau period, the dresses being cotton or silk, at the option of the wearer. Endless departures and possibilities are, of course, open to the ingenious in this connection, and it only wants a little well-accredited encouragement to acclimatise a quite delightful form of grown-up frolic in our midst.

Reverting to outdoor evening costumes, it seems just now as if everybody who is ambitious to look her best and latest has ordered a long sacque paletot for approaching dry, cold days. Surtouts divide the honours with the other form of mantle—both being made quite long, reaching almost to the border of dress. John Simmons and Sons, of the well-known Haymarket first-floor, has already made some fascinating forms of both garments, and, as an expressly well-fitting tailor, is to be recommended at all points—none the less that his prices are quite within the compass of the ordinary well-dressed woman whose code perforce includes economy. A surtou made in the new shade of bluish grey called Struensée, with collar and revers of white fox, is being worn by Vicomtesse Léon de Janzé, whose reputation as a leader of the mode only equals that of her popular husband as a leader of cotillions. Three leading forms of ornamentation which are adapted to all sorts of garments at present are fringe in all forms, rich velvet and ribbon embroideries, and, lastly, the velvet lace which has just been introduced by Paris, and seems destined to eclipse every other form of embellishment for those who can afford it.

A good many smart women who live in the country are getting themselves—low be it spoken—a sort of modified bloomer arrangement built by their tailors with which to negotiate highways and byways in the Shires this coming winter. Skirts, which are a *sine quâ non* to the cyclist in town, are found a serious *génie* to the bucolic wheelwoman, and so begins the thin end of this Harberton wedge, if we may so call it. To suspend these masculine contrivances has been invented a new patent brace—ye gods and grandmothers!—called the “Annular Spring,” which is equally (if not more so) applicable to the gender “born to toga and trousers.” An arrangement of studs and rubber rings renders the “Annular Spring Brace” superior to all the slips and snaps which affect even mere ordinary supports, and I am well assured by those who declare they know that this latest development of a purely masculine matter will revolutionise the whole system of silk and elastic by which our brothers and fathers have hitherto been controlled—all of which information, bequeathed by a hard-hunting relative, should surely merit some little meed of publicity, not to say imitative attention.

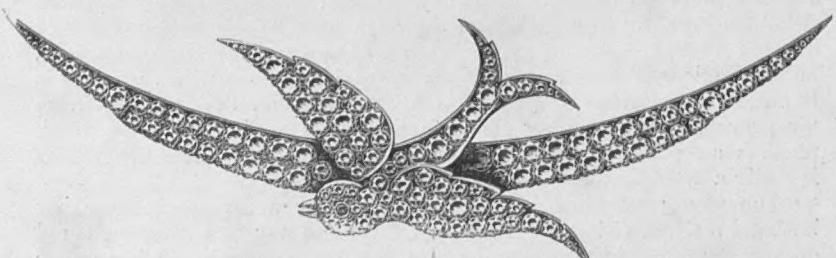
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROSINA (Cheltenham).—(1) Decidedly get it altered. “Better be out of the world,” you know. The International Fur Store will, meanwhile, advise you best as to how to adapt your sables to present purposes. (2) Your question is one for common-sense, not newspaper correspondence. Excuse my abruptness; but really there are questions that go beyond the realm of chiffons, and these we must answer for ourselves.

F. O.—Red, white, and blue, of course. I have no doubt, if you write, through the Lyceum, to the always courteous Sir Henry Irving, he will cause details to be sent you. No trouble.

SYBIL.

The gaiety of London is to be enhanced by the resumption of the gay Fancy-Dress Balls, by M.M. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, at Covent Garden Opera House rather earlier than usual. The first ball is to take place next Friday night, the orchestra and the stage representing the Eiffel Tower and the Paris Exhibition—an exceedingly happy thought.



PREMIER PRIZE FOR THE FIRST COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL
NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT.

The costly prizes for the best smart, novel fancy-costumes will be continued. I have much pleasure in giving a sketch of the handsome first prize, a diamond crescent-and-swallow brooch, valued at one hundred guineas; and I may add that all the prizes are on view at Messrs. Maple's establishment in Tottenham Court Road.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The Stock Exchange has taken war with great composure, and, on the whole, prices have rather improved since we last wrote. At least, it is argued in Capel Court, we shall make a clean sweep of the two Dutch Republics, and banish for ever the continually disturbing influence which our relations with the Transvaal have introduced into the Kaffir Circus. It may cost a bit to do it, but about nine City men out of every ten believe the price is worth paying. Money has been slightly easier, and there appears to be a general hope that we may get through without having to resort to a further rise in the Bank Rate. To us this appears doubtful, for not only will no supplies of gold come from South Africa, but large and continuous shipments will have to be made to that quarter. If the war is short and sharp, it may be managed, is all that can be said.

What everybody wants to know is whether the time to buy for investment has yet come, or whether there will be a further slump before the Union Jack waves over Pretoria. Again, all depends on the course of events at the scene of action. The very rumour of a Boer repulse, with the loss of two thousand men, which went round on Saturday was sufficient to induce a good bit of House buying, and prices ran up at once, although very few really believed the "yarn." It was a case of trying to believe that which every man hoped was true, and we merely mention it to show what would be the effect of real and authentic news in the same direction. We cannot control events, and our readers can judge for themselves as to the probable outcome of the next few weeks' fighting as well as we can, so that it but remains for us to indicate what the effect of any particular set of circumstances would be, and leave each of our readers to act in accordance with his own respective ideas of the probabilities.

Apart from speculation in Kaffir Mines, it appears that many shipping shares will benefit by the large fees for the use of vessels as transports, and it will surprise us greatly if the majority of the best-known concerns do not show splendid results for the current half-year, for not only is general trade active, but, as everybody knows, the Government pays well for things it wants in a hurry, and to take 50,000 men to Africa and bring them home again when their work is done requires a good number of first-class steamers. The South African lines may possibly lose in general trade almost as much as they make out of the transport of troops; but the outside concerns, whose ordinary business is not affected, are sure to show fine results. Count the ships that are taken for transport work, and you will see what shares are the most promising.

The tip for people who care to buy a stock and take a turn out of it is said to be Mexican Rails First Preference, and a knowing jobber, whose opinion we asked on the subject, merely added, "and sell a 'bear' of Grand Trunk Firsts as a hedge."

THREE FOREIGN STOCKS.

Chief among the features of the Stock Exchange is the interest which is centring around the movements in Portuguese Three per Cents. The Delagoa Bay negotiations have infused new vigour into the bonds, and "Ports" have suddenly become formidable rivals to Spanish and Rio amongst House punters. The bonds have, of course, benefited on several previous occasions during 1899 by reason of the same well-worn rumour, the price touching nearly 28 earlier in the year. Upon what ground Portuguese are being bought, because of the Bay incident, we confess it is hard to see; but the impression prevails in Stock Exchange circles that the transfer would place Portugal in funds sufficient to provide for the interest on the external debt for many years to come.

The market in Italians naturally gave way upon the financial crash reported from Italy a few days ago, and the 5 per cent. Bonds dropped to the lowest figure of the present year. Groaning under the weight of the armaments which must be kept up so long as Italy retains her position among the Great Powers of Europe, the long-suffering population is slowly being awakened to the fierce necessity for curtailing the ambitions of its country, and discontent is sowing its seeds in almost every large town throughout the land. Holders of Italian Bonds will do well to study the political and domestic horizons with the utmost care, and we should put the bonds well towards the bottom in a list of speculative investments.

Spanish Fours are regaining much of their old vivacity, but there is a danger that a sudden fit of selling may fall upon Paris at any time. The market over here regards the bonds with a favourable eye, and, as compared with Italians, they look distinctly cheap.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE ROUGH-RIDERS.

Our House Haunter's dream of a body of Stock Exchange Volunteers has been turned to pictorial effect by an artist in the House. The Hero of the Throgmorton Street Riots is represented as leading the cavalcade, and Mr. Croft has packed up his Trunks in order to follow the gallant Paxton. Mr. H. W. Thomson and Mr. Cresswell are closely watching the course of events and Cape Threes, while Mr. Moritz scans the horizon for the sight of a telegraph-boy direct from the German Emperor. Mr. Gibbs, firmly grasping his hat, represents the Consol Market. The party is evidently expecting an immediate attack by Pretoria jobbers, and can be relied upon to render an excellent account of itself.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

There was a shout of derision and laughter and chaff as The Broker entered the compartment last Friday. "Who said there'd be no war?" "What about buying Kaffirs?" "Here comes our peerless prophet!" These were some of the gibes that assailed him as he put his bag into the rack and took off his gloves.

"When you have all finished your little jokes, perhaps you will speak one at a time," he suavely observed, lighting a cigarette. "You make as much row as the Kaffir Market did the other day over hammering Kruger. What do you want to know?" he added, getting slightly defiant now that the noise had dropped.

"Thought you told us we shouldn't have any war," said The Engineer, speaking for the carriage. "Look how we have all gone and bought Kaffirs on your advice, under the impression that the Transvaal affair would all be arranged, and now—"

"And now, my dear sir," rejoined his mentor, "you ought to thank your lucky constellations that 'twas I who came and put you into things when they were cheap, because, if it hadn't been for me, you would have gone and sold what you had at a ridiculous price, instead of buying more when things were so flat."

"But if we had waited, we could have got in cheaper," objected a corner-man.

"Possibly, my friend, possibly; but the betting is that you would not, because you or anyone else in the great British Public would never have had the pluck to buy anything at all had you known that war was really coming. I admit that I was wrong"—("Faney that!" ejaculated The Jobber)—"in saying that the peace would not be broken; but, seeing how well Kaffirs have stood their ground, I don't think you have much to complain about, and I can tell you that I sold some of my own shares at a small profit the other day."

"Think we're going to have lower prices, then?" interrogated another.

The Merchant took up his parable, while The Broker endeavoured to extricate his cigarette from an umbrella-fold into which it had fallen, and where it was calmly burning for itself a convenient egress.

"There must be a reaction, surely," he argued. "I am saving five hundred pounds to put into Rand Mines or Goldfields on the day when things look blackest—or, at all events, when prices give way to any considerable extent. But I did pick up some Castle Line 4½ per cent. Preference the other day as a kind of speculative investment."

"The Mail-Packet line, do you mean?" inquired The Banker.

"Yes; they are £20 shares, cumulative as to dividend, and I managed to buy them at—let me see—a fraction over 21, I think it was. They will pay about 4½ per cent., and the Ordinary £20 shares stand at 19, so I don't think it's a bad investment, considering what a trade the line must be doing over the South African affair."

"Well," commented The Banker, "talking about speculative investments, my wife was telling me the other day that she wanted to buy some South Africans that were cheap and likely to go higher and paid a good dividend. I told her that gambling in Kaffirs was not the correct thing for a lady to do" (more interruption from The Jobber, but immediately suppressed); "but she had set her heart upon it, so I had to give way."

"And pray, sir, what did you buy for her?" The Merchant asked.

"There is a diamond-mine called the Consolidated Bultfontein,"



THE STOCK EXCHANGE ROUGH-RIDERS.

responded The Banker, "which has a guarantee from the De Beers Company of 7½ per cent. on its capital. The shares were bought at 28s., so, you see, Mrs. B. will get over 5½ per cent., and the price will most likely rise two or three shillings when peace is restored. Of course, there is the risk of something happening to the De Beers Company that will prevent its paying the guarantee; but I regard that as highly improbable, and if a lady must have good interest, she must not object to assuming a certain amount of risk."

"Oh, De Beers are all right," confidently exclaimed The Broker. "I only wish that my umbrella was in as good a position. What I'm a bit afraid of is that the Boers will go for the Rand Group if they ever do get to mine-mischief. All they need do would be to send up a column or two from Hammersmith—"

"Notting Hill, you mean," interjected The Jobber.

"I mean what I say, and I said Harrismith," went on The Broker with sublime effrontery; "send up a column from there to Johannesburg, and then they could play the very Fifth of November with the mines if they liked. Great Scott! If only I knew what the brutes were going to do!"—and he heaved a longing sigh.

"Shall you slay your Mother Boer?" sternly demanded The Merchant.

"Steady, old man, stead—dy!" was the response. "I belong to the Peace-at-any-price party myself. Yes!" he went on, with enthusiasm gathering at every word, "I believe in Peace, even at the price of War! Let us have this quarrel out and done with, else it would drag on for years and years, just as it has done in the past. That cannot go on for ever. President Kruger and his crowd must be wiped out at last. I don't like calling an old man names, but look at his stubbornness, his double-dealing. Why, he's as cross-grained and wooden-headed as a—"

"Deal Boer'd," laughed The Juvenile, swinging himself on to the platform before the train came to a standstill.

GRAND TRUNKS.

The meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company last Thursday came as a great disappointment to holders who had been pinning their expectations to an optimistic deliverance from the chairman which should bring a dividend on the Second Prefs. into view, and perhaps hold out hopes for a distribution on Thirds. Instead of that, they were met with a speech, cheerful enough in an ordinary way, but containing a clear assurance that the directors preferred spending money on the line instead of dividing profits up to the hilt in dividends. Coming on the top of an uneasy contango-day in the Trunk Market, when it transpired that the "bull" party had bought much more stock than was good for it, the market broke rather nastily, fears even being expressed as to whether the First Preference would get its full 5 per cent. for the year, after all. Not that carrying-over expenses were markedly heavy, for the wire-pullers took good care to conceal their hand by a delicate manipulation of the rates. The dealers, however, were fully aware that certain accounts in the provinces were getting a trifle shaky, and put prices down, in anticipation of a rush of country selling in the event of an unsatisfactory meeting. The traffic increase of over five thousand pounds was construed into a "bear" point, so that all the conditions previous to the meeting were working for a fall.

But the policy of the directors in spending on the line itself money which has accrued through more or less fortuitous circumstances is by far the best one that they could have adopted. The Chicago and Grand Trunk section of the road has been a drag upon the main line for a long time past, and it is only by judicious expenditure upon it that this tributary can ever be worked at a decent profit.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

The Kangaroo Market is slowly recovering from the overweening influence which the Kaffir Circus has exercised over it for the past two or three Settlements. A little more public interest has been infused into it, partly on account of the South African crisis, partly because the fears of dearer money have proved to a large extent fallacious. Attention has been forcibly diverted from Kaffirs by Kruger and his rebels, and that cordon of speculators which stands between the Stock Exchange and the public at large has turned its faculties to the study of the West Australian Market. On several occasions during the past week there have been temporary boomerangs in this department, and the dealers, almost to a man, confidently predict higher prices before Christmas.

It is, however, characteristic of the "shop" nature of the revival that the more expensive shares are most in evidence. Lake Views, Ivanhoes, Associated—these are the main shares in which dealings are being transacted. Now, the man in the Street does not buy shares which stand at 12 or 17 or 23. His orders are for things of the 2½ type, but into the lower-priced shares the breath of boom has yet to be inspired. There are a few exceptions, of course, notably Chaffers and Hannan's Oroya, in which business has been active. The rise in Chaffers is due largely to the efforts of people identified with the Horse-Shoe deal. Mr. Max Epstein startled the Street last Thursday by bidding 28s. 3d. for ten thousand shares, but although we hear glowing reports of what the company is doing, we cannot advise the purchase of a 4s. share at such an inflated value. Rather we would direct our readers' attention to Great Boulder South, Oroyas, and shares in which there is a free market at all times.

A SELECTION OF BANK SHARES.

We have felt bound to exclude from the weekly Investment Trusts which we have been in the habit of publishing all shares having an

uncalled liability, and, as several correspondents have remarked, the result has been that a large class of really first-class securities have not been touched by our notes. Under these circumstances, we take the opportunity this week of making a selection of Bank shares, both English and Foreign, all of which are of a high class, and doing the best sort of business in the various parts of the world in which their respective trade is carried on. The return on the capital employed in the purchase of the shares is comparatively high, and, in our opinion, the risk to the investor is even less than in the case of many securities which yield a much lower rate of interest. At the same time, the holder of Bank shares must face the possibility of such a financial crisis as might necessitate the making of calls. In most cases this possibility is remote, but, as the holders of the majority of Australian Bank shares have discovered to their cost, it exists even in what, to all outward appearance, may be described as "the best-regulated families."

Assuming that any of our readers have £1000 which they are prepared to invest in Bank shares, we would suggest that the money should be employed in the following way—

	Cost.	Yield.
10 Bank of Egypt shares ...	£230	£13 15 0
4 Hong-Kong and Shanghai shares ...	236	13 0 0
4 London and Westminster shares ...	248	11 5 0
4 Standard of South Africa shares ...	248	16 0 0
2 Union Bank of Scotland shares ...	54	2 8 0
	£1016	£56 8 0

Of the above, the Bank of Egypt may be said to have progressed with the steady growth of the country. The capital is £500,000, in shares of £25 each, of which £12 10s. is paid up. The reserve is £120,000, and the dividends have, since 1890, been as follows: to 1894, 9 per cent.; in 1895, 10 per cent.; in 1896 and 1897, 11 per cent.; and for 1898, 27s. 6d. a-share, showing a steady and progressive business of the best class. The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank holds a unique position in the East, and is likely to develop enormously with the opening up of China. Its capital is 10,000,000 dollars, in shares of 125 dollars each, with a liability of a corresponding amount (say about £11 10s., at the present exchange); its reserve is over 9,000,000 dollars, and the return per share since 1890 has been, in 1891, £3; in 1892 and '3, £2; in 1894, £2 5s.; in 1895, '6, and '7, £2 10s.; in 1898, £3 5s.; and for the first half of this year, 30s. The London and Westminster Bank is one of the oldest and safest of the big Joint-Stock institutions, its name and repute are world-wide, and the shares are of £100 each, upon which £20 is paid up. The reserve is £1,600,000, and since 1890 the return has been, in 1891, 16 per cent.; in 1892, 13 per cent.; in 1893 and '4, 11½ per cent.; in 1895, 9½ per cent.; in 1896, 11 per cent.; in 1897, 12 per cent.; and in 1898, 14 per cent. With dear money and high rates, the current year ought to show even better results than the last. The Standard Bank of South Africa is notoriously the King of South African Banks; its shares are of the nominal value of £100, of which £25 is paid up. The reserve is £1,000,000, and the return to the shareholders has been as follows: from 1890 to 1894, 14 per cent.; from 1895 to 1897, 15 per cent.; 1898, 16 per cent.; and for the first half of 1899 at the same rate. The shares have dropped on the war-scare; but, in our opinion, judging by the past results of African wars, the Bank ought to benefit by the enormous Government business which will fall to it. The Union Bank of Scotland is one of the first-class Scottish Banks; its shares are of the nominal value of £50 each, with £10 paid, and its reserve is £595,000. The accounts are made up to April of each year, and the average yield has been 11 per cent. for the last ten years.

We know of no class of investment which is so safe and so remunerative as a well-selected assortment of first-rate Bank shares.

Saturday, Oct. 14, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. B.—The market appears to have very little reliable information, but we hear the concern is doing better, and the market opinion is reflected in the price of shares.

W. H. F. (West Indies).—Your letter and photos have been handed to the Editor, as the matter was not suitable for the financial columns.

GULL.—The police will not promise that, if we put the matter in their hands, they will not require you to prosecute or call you as a witness, so we have refrained from handing over the papers to them.

NOVICE.—(1) Nothing is known on the Stock Exchange of the Steamship Company, but we have no doubt it is properly registered as a limited concern. (2) Yes, you can be called upon to pay up to the full nominal amount of your shares to satisfy creditors, but in this case we think there are no creditors sufficient to require such a course of procedure.

J. A. M.—The company is doing very well, and the works are, we know, full of business. We have sent your letter to a gentleman who was connected with its inception, and who is very likely to know of a buyer for the whole or part of your shares. If he can help you, he will do so.

BANK.—See this week's "Notes."

KAFFIR.—In our opinion, the time has not yet come to buy. There may be several months of waiting before the big fight comes, and many ups and downs in Kaffir shares.

We are requested to state that the transfer-books of the Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of J. W. Benson, Limited, will be closed from the 19th to the 31st inst.—both days inclusive—for the purpose of preparing the dividend warrants to the 31st inst.